THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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COLONIAL IRISH.

Mr. J. D. O'Connell, of Washington, D. C., Takes President Eliot, of Harvard University, to Task for His Omission of Them as a Potent Element in Revolutionary Times.

A Very Able and Convincing Document, Which Was Recently Published by the New York "Sun."

Mr. Chas. W. Eliot, President of Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.: I have read with great interest your article on "Five American Contributions to Civilization," published in the Atlantic Monthly for October, 1896, as I have many other of your published papers. If my commendation is of any value I offer it to you without reserve, and have only one criticism to make. You do not credit Irish emigration with any share or part in those contributions.

In almost every work on the make-up of the American people that I have read I have found Ireland credited with furnishing a large number of emigrants to this country, as well before the Revolution as since; yet you do not mention the Irish among the other "peoples" who were already in the colonies at the time. If you had not mentioned the Scotch I would have supposed that the Irish were included under the word "English."

I think it is very well known that the Irish furnished a larger proportion of soldiers to the American cause in the Revolution than all the English, Scotch, Dutch, German, French, Portuguese and Swedes then in the colonies, combined. If I am correct in this statement, I think your omission to mention the Irish as an element of the mixture of peoples in the colonies at that time is somewhat strange when you have mentioned so many other nationalities.

You speak of the Germans as being well diffused and having established themselves in New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia and Georgia; and that the Scotch were scattered through all the colonies. A like statement could have been made of the Irish as well.

Mr. Froude, in his "History of Ireland in the Eighteenth Century," tells us of one year of emigration when 20,000 Irish emigrants settled in the New England colonies; a number probably largely exceeding all the emigrants from England up to that time. You would probably call these people "Scotch-Irish," as they came from the North of Ireland mainly; but that term is a misnomer peculiar to this country, and of comparatively recent invention. It originated from a misapplication of the word "race" to any of the English, Scotch, and Irish inhabitants of the British Isles. I recognize no distinction that would classify those inhabitants as of different races. It would be just as inappropriate and erroneous to use the phrase "American race" to designate the people of this continent, who are descended from the various European nationalities that make up the American people.

An "Englishman" is a person born in England, whose grandfather may have been a Dutchman, an Irishman or a Scotchman; an "Irishman" is a person born in Ireland, whose father, grandfather or great-grandfather may have been a Frenchman, an Englishman, a Scotchman, or a Yankee; and an American is a person born in America, whose father, grandfather, or great grandfather may have been an Englishman, a Scotchman, an Irishman, a German, or a Frenchman, or a Portuguese, a Swede, or even a Congo negro.

Now, as we know that a commingling of people of various European nationalities has been going on for centuries in England, Ireland and Scotland similar to that which has occurred on this continent, I submit that when you undertake to designate the "English race" as "predominating now as in the eighteenth century" in this country, it is, to say the least, a misleading statement; because at the present time, and for centuries back, the English people were not a distinct race, but a conglomerate mixture of various peoples and tribes of the Teutonic and Celtic races. An Englishman is, therefore, either of the Teutonic or the Celtic race, or both; but he would be a bold man who would undertake to demonstrate that the Englishman distinctively belonged to either of these races. It is a fair inference that he is a man of mixed Teutonic and Celtic blood; and the same holds true of the Scotchman and Irishman, the Welshman alone approaching nearest to a distinct type of race, namely, Celtic.

I therefore take the position that the descendants of English and Scotch settlers in Ireland are neither English-Irish, nor Scotch-Irish, but simply Irish, as there is no such race as an English race, or a Scotch race, or an Irish race. Therefore, if we undertake to designate people by their nationality, instead of by race, I claim that a person born in Ireland and of British allegiance is an "Irishman" in every respect, and should be so called without regard to the nationality of his grandfather, or great grandfather, or great grandmother.

When you assume that the "English race" predominated here in the eighteenth century and predominates here at the present time, of course you mean that the predominant element of our population was and is of English extraction. Are you not mistaken in this? Is it not more likely that the predominant element of the population then and now was and is of Irish extraction? And when I say Irish, I, of course, mean neither Celtic nor Teutonic, but a mixture of both. It would be as absurd to say that in the eighteenth century or any part of the nineteenth century the Irish were Celts as it is to say that the English people are or ever were Anglo-Saxons, or that there ever was an "Anglo-Saxon race."

"Prior to the year 1820," says Dr. Edward Young, formerly chief of the United States Bureau of Statistics, in his special report on emigration to the secretary of the treasury, under date of March 7, 1871, "no official records were kept of the influx of foreign population to this country." It is therefore impossible to give an accurate statement of the Irish emigration into this country prior to that date. But if we take subsequent reports as a standard of measurement, it will be found that Irish emigration, prior to 1820, was by far the largest from the British isles. Dr. Young says "that the population of the colonies at the commencement of the Revolutionary war has generally been estimated at 3,000,000, and it is probable that as many as one-third of these were born on the other side of the Atlantic, while the parents of a large portion of the remainder were among the early emigrants. During the Revolutionary war the tide of emigration was somewhat suspended." Dr. Young's estimate of the aggregate emigration between 1776 and 1820 was 250,000. Since that date we have the official figures of the number and nationality of the emigrants. These figures show that from 1820 to 1870, inclusive, the number of "alien passengers" arriving in the United States was 7,803,865, of whom only 3,857,850 were from the British isles, classified as follows:

	Number.	*Per Cent.*
England	546,192	13.70
Ireland	2,700,493	70.00
Scotland	84,623	2.00
Wales	12,435	.30
Not specified	544,107	14.90
Total	3,857,850	100.00

As far back as the decade ending with 1830, the number of emigrants from Ireland was 57,278, in an aggregate of 81,827 from the British isles, or about 70 per cent.; in the decade ending with 1840 the number from Ireland was 196,224, in the aggregate of 258,191 from the British isles, or about 76 per cent., and of the 258,191 there were 74,495 not classified; but, according to Dr. Young, these were mainly Irish. In the decade ending with 1850, the number from Ireland was 733,434, in an aggregate of 1,047,763, or about 70 per cent., of which 277,264 were not classified. In the decade ending with 1860, the number of arrivals from Ireland was 936,665, in a total of 1,338,093, or about 70 per cent., of which total 109,653 were not classified. In the decade ending with 1870 the number of arrivals from Ireland was 774,883, or about 70 per cent. in a total of 1,108,976, of which 77,333 were not classified.

Dr. Young states that of these "alien passengers about one and two-thirds per cent. should be deducted for aliens not intending to remain in the United States."

We thus see that for a period of fifty years the Irish emigration to this country was almost uniformly 70 per cent. of the total increment of population from the British Islands, while that from England was only a fraction over 13 per cent., Scotland only a fraction over 2 per cent., and the "not specified" a little over 14 per cent., which latter, Dr. Young states, were mainly Irish.

It is a reasonable inference that between the close of the Revolutionary war and the year 1820 at least 70 per cent. of the emigration from the British Isles to the United States was Irish, because it is well known that during that war Ireland strongly sympathized with the colonies against England; and it is also reasonable to suppose that the English emigration during that period fell off very largely on account of the hostility of the English people toward the Americans. And it is a fair inference, also, that prior to the Revolutionary war there was a large emigration from Ireland to this country, from the fact, as has already been stated, that in one year alone about 20,000 persons emigrated from Ireland to the New England colonies. And as we have seen that the emigration from Ireland to the United States during the half century ending with 1870 was steadily about 70 per cent. of the whole emigration from the British Isles, in all probability the percentage of Irish emigration was about the same during the half century ending with 1820, which included the period of the Revolutionary war and the development of our constitutional form of government.

The large number of Irish soldiers in the Revolutionary army adds strength to this estimate. The above quoted official statistics make it conclusive that during the time the "Five American Contributions," which you mention, were being made to civilization, the Americans of Irish origin formed by far the largest element in the population.

And that the Irish element should be credited with a full share of those contributions, at least in the proportion of 70 per cent. as compared with England's 14 per cent., is apparent from the fact that there are no emigrants from Europe who assimilate as speedily and as thoroughly with the American people as the Irish, while, on the other hand, the Englishman, and, in a lesser degree, the Scotchman in America, always desires to retain his alien nationality, and does not easily assimilitate himself with the American people. Neither the Englishman nor Scotchman is often wholly an American, whereas every Irish emigrant is American in all his aspirations from the moment he sets his foot on our soil. It cannot be denied successfully that Ireland has furnished at least five-fold more of the brain, bone, blood, muscle and mental and physical force of the American people than England, to which it is now the fashion to ascribe the "origin of our people" and "our Anglo-Saxon" institutions.

"From the very first settlement of the country," says the editor of the Chicago Tribune, Mr. Medill, "in field and street, at the plough, in the Senate and on the battlefield, Irish energy was represented. Maryland and South Carolina were largely peopled by Hibernians. Maine, New Hampshire and Kentucky received many Irish emigrants. During the first half of the last century, the emigration from Ireland to this country was not less than a quarter of a million. When our fathers threw off the British yoke, the Irish formed a sixth or seventh of the whole population, and one-fourth of all the commissioned officers in the army and navy were of Irish descent. The first general officer killed in battle, the first officer of artillery appointed, the first commodore commissioned, the first victor to whom the British flag was struck at sea, and the first officer who surprised a fort by land, were Irishmen; and with such enthusiasm did the emigrants from the Green Isle espouse the cause of liberty, that Lord Mountjoy declared in parliament, "You lost America by the Irish." (The 'Sons' and 'Daughters of the American Revolution' might well make a note of this and take pride in their Irish ancestry.) Who were the Carrolls, the Rutledges, the Fitzsimmons, and the McKeans of the Revolution? Whence came Andrew Jackson, J. C. Calhoun, and McDuffie? Whence the projector of the Erie canal, the inventor of the first steamboat, and the builder of the first American railroad?"

"The fortunes of the Irish in America," says Mr. McGee, Canadian minister of agriculture, in his History of Ireland, pages 785 and 786, "though less brilliant for the few, were more advantageous as to the many. They were, during the war of the Revolution and the war of 1812, a very considerable element in the American Republic. It is very certain that Washington placed great weight on the active aid of the gallant Pennsylvania, Maryland and Southern Irish troops, and the sturdy Scotch-Irish of New Hampshire. Franklin, in his visit to Ireland before the rupture, and Jefferson in his correspondence, always enumerate the Irish as one element of reliance in the contest between the colonies and the empire. That the achievements of the Irish in America produced a favorable influence on the situation of the Irish at home, we know from many collateral sources."

In 1789 Washington, responding to an address of Roman Catholic clergy and laity of Maryland Catholics, used these words: "I hope to see America free and ranked among the foremost nations of the earth in examples of justice and liberality, and I presume that you, fellow citizens, will not forget the patriotic part which you Irish took in the accomplishment of our rebellion, and in the valuable assistance which we received from a nation professing the Catholic religion."

And when the patriot army lay at Valley Forge, twenty-seven members of the "Sons of St. Patrick," in Philadelphia, subscribed between them £103,500 of Pennsylvania currency for the American troops.

"I accept," said Washington, when elected a member of the Sons of St. Patrick, "with singular pleasure the ensign of so friendly a society as that of the Sons of St. Patrick, a society distinguished for the firmest adherence to our cause."

And here is the testimony of Washington's adopted son, George Washington Parke Custis:

"Today the grass has grown green over the grave of many a poor Irishman who died for America before any one here assembled was born. In the Revolutionary war in this country Ireland furnished one hundred men to any single man furnished by any foreign nation."

I now come to another honored name and find the testimony of Verplank. When the Catholic Emancipation bill was passed there was a banquet in New York city to celebrate the event, and this distinguished citizen said: "Both in that glorious struggle for independence and in our more recent contest for American rights those laws (England's penal laws) gave to America the support of hundreds of thousands of brave hearts and strong arms."

In the year 1778 the English parliament appointed a committee to inquire into the conduct of the American war. In answer to a question put by a member of that committee, Gen. Robertson, who had served many years as quarter-master-general to the British forces, replied: "Gen. Lee informed me that half the Continental army were Irishmen." The report of the committee is now in the British museum.

These evidences make it conclusive that there was a large emigration to the colonies from Ireland in the latter half of the eighteenth century, any why not before that time? Religious persecutions and trade restrictions drove thousands of the inhabitants from Ireland in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. What was the character of those inhabitants? Let Sir Edward Coke answer. He says, in the fourth part of his Institutes, chapter 76, "Of the Kingdom of Ireland," which was written toward the close of his life:

"I have been informed by many of them that have had judicial places there, and partly of mine own knowledge, that there is no nation in the Christian world that are greater lovers of justice (whereof we shall principally treat) than they are, which virtue must of necessity be accompanied with many others; and besides they are descended of the ancient Britons, and therefore the more endeared with us.

"To conclude with somewhat which tends to the honor of that noble nation: Certain it is that, while the liberal sciences in Europe lay in a manner buried in darkness, then did their lustre shine forth most clearly here in Ireland; thither did our English Saxons repair, as to a fair or market of good letters; whence of the holy men of times we often read in ancient writers: Amandatus est ad disciplinam in Hibernian. (He was sent to Ireland to study there.")

This is a high encomium from a jurist, an author, who at the end of his great career said of "justice," that it was "architectonica virtus;" and of the Irish: "Sunt in bello fortes, et in pace fideles."

The Irish at the earliest colonial period were certainly in nothing inferior to the "English Saxons;" they loved "justice," that architect of all the virtues. Why, therefore, refuse to give credit to the Irish emigration for its share in peopling the colonies and developing the "Five Contributions to American Civilization," especially when it is a necessary inference that no nation of the Christian world contributed more largely than Ireland to that civilization? It would be no disgrace to an Eliot or to Harvard university itself to acknowledge this debt. They both owe more than they can ever repay to the ancient Harvards and Eliots, who preserved the liberal sciences and caused their lustre to shine forth in Ireland when all other countries of Europe lay buried in intellectual darkness, and when the Englishman went to Ireland for an education in the liberal sciences centuries before Oxford and Cambridge were heard of as foundations of learning.

Respectfully yours,
J. D. O'CONNELL,
Treasury Department, Bureau of Statistics, Washington, D. C.

ERIN INNISFAIL ABU!

The following attempt to write a National anthem in the Saxon tongue is not designed to be anything more than a preliminary study of the matter required for such an object. It is conceded by all that our anthem must be in the Gaelic tongue and set to Gaelic music. If the present attempt succeeds in awakening the genius of those of our race who are gifted with poetic fire, it will have done all that could be expected. As a makeshift until the predestined poet takes up the subject, it is therefore presented to my fellow-countrymen, in the hope that among the many talented musicians of Irish blood some one can be found ready and willing to set it to appropriate Gaelic music. In order to leave it in a plastic state, and therefore more easily adaptable to the necessities of the harmonist no trouble has been given to the polish of style and rhythm. It is offered to such as care to expend a little trouble in adapting it to Gaelic tunes, and it is hoped that such as care to amend it in any way—rhyme, rhythm, versification, enlargement or excision—will not hesitate to do so.

Erin, Isle of Destiny!
List the voices of the Gael
From ev'ry mount and plain and vale
Hail thee, Mother Innisfail,
Ringing down the centuries,
Erin Isle of Destiny!

Scota's sons upon the main,
Finn and Oisin sing of thee,
Dathi's braves on Alpine lea,
Columb on the northern sea,
Niall and Brian and Art and Owen,
And Hugh that sleeps in Spain.

Where the Boyne by Tara glows,
From fair Munster's murm'ring rills,
From the midst of Uladh's hills
Where the shore of Connacht thrills
To thunder tones of Mananaan,
Where Barrow stream thro' Leinster flows.

From ev'ry clime beneath the sun,
From exiled millions o'er the sea,
Ten millions more that died to free
Our fathers' Isle of Destiny
With those that pine in Saxon keeps
Upraise the hymn as one.

And sing the deeds of Scythian sires
In Orient realms where Granya glows
Where Oxus bends and Nilus flows
How later Scota westward rows
Unfurls the Sunburst to the breeze—
Lights Erin's sacred fires.

Their many million voices tell
How fierce Fomorian fled the main,
How Firbolg pow'r was rent in twain,
How Roman eagles screamed in vain,
How Vikings fled the emerald shore
Where Brian the Mighty fell.

Doyenne of the nations thou
Isle of soldier, saint and sage,
Banba of historic page
Another battle must thou wage—
Unfurl thy Sunburst, whet thy sword,
And show the nations how.

Then Erin, Isle of Destiny
Risen from the Ocean grand
Oldest, youngest, fairest land,
Lift thy harp from out the sand
Sing of glorious victory.
Oh! Erin, Isle of Destiny.

Erin, Isle of Destiny
Sing of deeds by mount and sea
Tell of them that made thee free
Sing of them that died for thee.
Of them that liv'd with thee to hail
Thy glorious victory.

CHORUS.

Erin Innisfail Abu!
Onward valiant Clan-na-Gael!
See the Saxon pirate quail!
Charge for Erin Innisfail!
Charge as Brian charged of yore!
Erin Innisfail Abu!

—THE O'DONNELL.

The Irish Language.

The Irish classes conducted by the Gaelic League of Chicago, meet for study every Sunday at 2:30 p. m., at room 119, city hall. All Gaels who wish to acquire a knowledge of the ancient language of their race, are invited to join the Gaelic League. Competent teachers are provided. There is no fee or expense, whatever, to be met except for the purchase of books, which are supplied at cost, by Mr. William Raliegh, and which may be obtained from him at the class rooms or at his residence, 735 South Canal street, Chicago.

PARNELL'S MEMORY.

Kept Green in Ireland by Annual Pilgrimages to His Tomb in Glasnevin Cemetery.

Touching Floral Tributes Placed by Relatives and Sympathizers Upon the Patriot's Grave.

The fifth anniversary of the death of Parnell was duly celebrated in the Irish metropolis, in a manner that still shows his memory lives undying in the heart of the Irish nation, and that his principles are honored with faith and adhesion by all that is best and bravest in the National life of Ireland. Every parish in Ireland sent its representative, and to say that the celebration was one of National strength is but to speak the simple truth. From all parts of Ireland special trains were run, and from an early hour in the morning people kept pouring into the city from all points. No greater testimony to the undiminishing love of Parnell can be evidenced than that the number of people who this year came into the city was much in excess of last year, though the day was anything but tempting to induce the visitor to leave his home. The route of the procession was from St. Stephen's Green via Grafton street, Westmorland street, O'Connell street, and onwards to Glasnevin. At a quarter past one o'clock a start was made from Stephen's Green, where a large crowd of onlookers was assembled. A new departure was made in this year's regulations in allowing large banners to be carried, which hitherto were excluded, the effect of the innovation being to render the display less sombre than previously, but hardly the less impressive.

Everyone taking part in the procession wore some badge or emblem associated with the memory of the dead Parnellite leader, and a considerable section of the spectators did likewise. Ivy leaves, either plain or adorned with National emblems in gilt, were extensively used, while many were black [illegible] bearing a portrait of Parnell, and others sported his likeness on enameled badges in the shape of the ivy leaf. At the head of the procession was a mounted guard of about a score, riding two abreast, and bearing pikes, a large banner in front denoting that they were members of the St. Andrew's Cab and Car Society, the device of the banner being the figure of the saint, with the inscription, "O Bona Crux." Alongside the bodyguard rode the chief marshal of the procession, Mr. Donaghy, bearing a black wand of office. A fife and drum band next followed playing a "dead march," following which came the memorial car, drawn by six black horses, with an outrider, and laden with beautiful floral tributes destined by followers and friends of the late leader as their annual offering for the adornment of his grave. The car was studded tier above tier with these tokens of respect, and presented the appearance of a magnificent floral monument in motion, the ensemble of which was tasteful and chaste in the extreme. The most pervading tints of the charming array of flowery adornment were white and green, the former colors being chiefly represented by chrysanthemums, lilies, and roses, and the latter by ivy and laurels. Two tributes were sent each in the joint names of the nearest relations of Mr. Parnell. One was a simple cross of variegated ivy, tied with a white ribbon. It bore the following inscription: "Cross made from ivy grown at Avondale, from his sorrowing mother, brother and sister—Delia T. S. Parnell, John H. Parnell, and Emily Dickenson. The other was a larger cross formed of heather in the fullest bloom. It was inscribed: "Cross made of heather from the soil of Aughavanna, from his devoted mother, brother and sister," and then followed the signatures as before.

Aughavanna is a spot of intimate association with the home life of Mr. Parnell, being the site of his shooting lodge on his Avodale estate. The offering from his wife was simple and touching in character, being a cross formed of maidenhair ferns, with the following inscribed on a card: "From Mrs. Charles Stewart Parnell—with undying love and memory—my husband—K. Parnell." A very pretty wreath of chrysanthemums and ferns enclosed in a glass case was sent by the Whitechapel branch o. the National League. Suspended from either side of the car were two large circular wreaths, one made of chrysanthemums and the other of heather from Aughavanna, and both received from Mr. W. J. Corbet, M. P. An exquisite anchor, symbolical, no doubt, of hope, wrought in lilies and white roses was the token of respect which the members of the Independent party laid on the memorial car of the late chief. Mr. T. P. Gill sent a very nice wreath, as did also Mr. and Mrs. Redmond. A laurel wreath had a card affixed, on which was printed an ingenious acrostic eulogizing Parnell's character, and formed of the letters of his name in full. Over the acrostic was the motto: "Magna est veritas, et prevalebit," and underneath it was, "Memento mori." The name of the sender was hidden under the nom-de-plume of Marcus Antonius, Cork. "In loving memory of the dead chief from the members of the National club, Dublin," was the inscription on a magnificent harp of chrysanthemums of varied and uncommon tints, lilies and ferns.

The ladies' committee in charge of Mr. Parnell's grave contributed a pretty cross of holly, ivy and shamrock, bearing the inscription, "With love and trust that never faltered." One of the handsomest of all the floral treasures was a harp of lilies, chrysanthemums and ferns from the Belfast branch of the Irish National League, and it occupied a prominent place on the top of the memorial car. Numerous other wreaths of handsome design were also in evidence from former colleagues and admirers of Mr. Parnell. After the memorial car walked the members and ex-members of the Parnellite Parliamentary party, including a full mustering of its present parliamentarians as follows: Messrs. John E. Redmond, William Redmond, J. H. Parnell, J. J. O'Kelly, W. J. Corbet, T. Harrington, William Field, L. Hayden, J. L. Carew, Patrick O'Brien and J. J. Clancy, M. Pa. Nearly all the ex-members of Mr. Parnell's parliamentary following also walked, including Col. Nolan, Dr. Kenny, E. Leamy, Henry Harrison, and others. The honorary officers of the demonstration committee were succeeded by the staffs of the Daily Independent and United Ireland offices, the former being headed with a large brass shield, their contribution. Several companies of the Parnell National boys' brigade came next, their banner being inscribed as follows: "When we are men we will be Independents," while some of them bore staffs surmounted with likenesses on green cardboard of Parnell. After the delegates from the National League of Great Britain, the Dublin district of the Irish National Foresters, headed by its band playing the "Dead March in Saul," came, clad in Lincoln green costume, with plumed hats. Several detachments from various Dublin trade societies, headed by black and white mourning banners, many of which displayed Parnell's portrait, and accompanied by their bands, intervened, and the members of the Dublin corporation, who availed themselves of the resolution of the council to attend in state, were the next comers.

We have not space to give a further list of the contingents, but it must be said that the pilgrims from the country, notably those from Cork, Limerick, Waterford and Belfast, formed attractive and impressive features of the procession. They all carried banners and other devices of a most appropriate kind, and were accompanied by bands.

Mrs. Delia Parnell, the aged mother of the late Nationalist leader, took part in the demonstration, but not from the outset. She joined it at Eccles street, her carriage, which was given a place before the corporation vehicles, accommodating besides herself Mrs. Dickenson, her daughter, and Mr. Tudor McDermott, her grandson. This is the first of the anniversary demonstrations in her son's honor that Mrs. Parnell has attended, having arrived only recently in Ireland from America.

Among the contingents which followed was a large one from Meath with bands and banners, and the representatives of the Rathdrum branch of the National League exhibited at their head a banner with a portrait of Parnell draped in crape, and the inscription underneath, "Avondale mourns." After a few moderate-sized bodies from Wicklow, Sligo and Carlow a very good mustering followed from Waterford, comprising members of the corporation and several bands. In this section a strikingly pretty cross fashioned out of shells was borne aloft, on the apex of which the figure of a dove was perched. The members of the Butter Exchange, Cork, made a good show, and the harp which was borne in front, of lilies and ferns, interlaced with violet ribbon, was a masterpiece of floral arrangement. Some members of the Cork corporation took part in the procession at this stage. Limerick was represented by its mayor, corporation, civic officers and insignia. In front of the mayoral carriage came, on a separate car, a unique and significant contribution to the array of tokens from the country—namely, a large model of the famous Treaty Stone of Limerick, presenting the inscription, "Broken in 1691." The model was entwined with stephanotis an other flowers. After the Limerick contingent, which was rather large, came the Cork Parnell boys' brigade, and the Cork Stonecutters' society, making a good display. The Dublin Whiteners' society then brought into view a handsome group of harp, Celtic cross, round tower and wolf-dog made of wood inlaid with colored glass of kaleidoscopic tints. Detachments from the workingmen at the St. James' Gate brewery and League branches from Belfast, Maryborough and Athlone having passed, a large representation from Kilkenny brought up the rear with some members of its corporation.

Mr. James Stephens, the veteran Fenian, having written expressing his desire to accompany the Kilkenny contingent, he proceeded in a carriage, accompanied by Mr. Lambert, president of the Amnesty association. College Green, being the most central part of the route, was availed of by a large crowd to view the procession.—Dublin Nation.

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THE BRITISH LIBRARY

FAILED AS BANDITS.

THREE YOUNG MEN TRY TO LOOT A TRAIN IN TEXAS.

Express Messenger Laughs Them to Scorn and Engineer Runs Off with the Hoodlums They Were After—Close Call for a Race Riot in North Carolina.

Dallas, Nov. 2.—A special to The News from Hillsboro, Tex., says: Three masked men held up the south-bound "Katy" passenger No. 1, one mile south of Alvarado last night about 7 o'clock. They climbed up over the tender, and covering the engineer and fireman made them stop the train; then made the porter cut the express car loose from the passenger cars, and made the engineer pull out on the hill this side, where they made him uncouple the engine and move off a distance. Going to the express car they ordered the messenger out. After he got out they made him get back into the car and told him to hand out the money, quick. Instead of doing so he turned off the light and shut and fastened the door.

Engineer Sizes Up the Situation.

While this was transpiring the greatest excitement prevailed, and the robbers, who were doubtless novices, were disconcerted by the action of the messenger. The engineer realizing the situation pulled the throttle open and ran into Grand View and wired Hillsboro. The robbers became alarmed and fled when the messenger put out the lights. Sheriff Bell organised a posse and sent it with bloodhounds to the scene of the hold up, but up to this writing they have not taken the trail. The passenger was due here at 8:05, but did not reach here till 10 o'clock. The above facts were gleaned from the engineer, messenger and passengers. The robbers are described as boys about 17 to 20 years old. They did not get anything. The officers are scouring the country and are confident they will arrest the robbers.

MISCREANT WHO KILLS WOMEN.

Does a Bloody Day's Work in the Way of Murder and Suicide.

Cleveland, Nov. 3.—A dispatch from Wheeling, W. Va., says: A horrible tragedy in which two men were killed and a young woman fatally wounded occurred yesterday morning at Schichton, on the Ohio side of the river. The victims were Dot Gray, who was shot through the body, but is still living; William Matzger, shot through the body and killed, and Scott Linton, who shot and killed himself. The shooting was all done by Linton, who had been in "love" with the girl. He found Matzger in Miss Gray's room and drawing a revolver shot and killed Matzger, then shot the girl, then fired a bullet into his own brain.

Meriens, Tex., Nov. 3.—Pete Hansen split his wife's head open with an axe and then suicided by shooting himself through the heart. In his pocket a note was found charging his wife with improper intimacy with other men.

Portland, Me., Nov. 3.—A jealous husband shot and killed his wife and then shot himself in this city last night. The murderer and suicide was Alonzo G. Phillips, a lithographer, who lived in Boston, and his victim was Fanny Phillips, a variety actress.

WHITES AND NEGROES AT OUTS.

Authorities Have to Call on the Military to Keep the Peace.

Raleigh, N. C., Nov. 3.—A special to The News and Observer from Goldsboro says: An incendiary speech made here by Frank Baker, a colored Republican of Dudley, caused a clash between white and colored citizens yesterday. A mob of over 150 negroes armed with knives, pistols and clubs marched through the city and defied the law. The sheriff and city authorities, finding themselves unable to cope with the mob, called upon the Goldsboro Rifles for assistance.

This action had the effect of quelling the disturbance, which for a time looked as though a riot was imminent. The negroes repaired to a hall in the town and held a meeting. The militia is still at the armory ready for any emergency. The fire department has also been ordered to be ready. More trouble is expected.

Blood Shed Over Politics.

Chaterel, Ky., Nov. 3.—At a political meeting here yesterday James Van Hoose, a Republican struck Merideth Chandler, a Democrat, on the head with a heavy stone, fatally injuring him. Lafe Marcum shot and killed one Spaulding at a political meeting near Louisa.

Portsmouth, O., Nov. 3.—In a quarrel over politics last evening Wes Arnold, and Charles James were fatally cut by Ike and Julian Cameron. The former were yelling for McKinley, the latter for Bryan. The Camerons, who are fishermen, escaped.

Lexington, Ky., Nov. 3.—At Capital Hill, in Edmonton county, Major William Hutchings was stabbed by Joseph Whittle, a young man whom Hutchings was trying to eject from a meeting of gold Democrats. Whittle refused to leave the hall and Hutchings seized him. Hutchings will die.

Death of General Torrence.

Chicago, Nov. 2.—General Joseph T. Torrence died at 9 o'clock Saturday evening at his home, 88 Bellevue place. Though the general had been confined to his bed for a fortnight only he had not been well for many months. Since the middle of the summer his physician, Dr. R. D. MacAuthur, had realized his condition was serious. The ailment which caused the death of General Torrence was Bright's disease. The funeral will probably be held at 2 p. m. tomorrow at the house. The Rev. Thomas C. Hall, of the Fourth Presbyterian church, will officiate. Interment will be at Rosehill.

Lake Schooner Wrecked.

Two Harbors, Minn., Nov. 2.—The schooner S. P. Ely was totally wrecked on the breakwater here early Friday morning. Her crew, which took to the rigging, was finally rescued by the tug Ella G. Stone before the arrival of the life-saving crew from Duluth.

French Floods Enormously Destructive.

Paris, Nov. 2.—Telegrams received from the departments bring news of further floods and of an alarming rise in the rivers. Enormous damage to property has been done but no fatality has yet been reported.

BOLD ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE.

Prisoners Try to Break Out of the Erie County, N. Y., Penitentiary.

Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 3.—Fred Williams and William O'Dell, 27 and 28 years old, respectively, each serving a five-years' term in the Erie county penitentiary for burglary, made a bold attempt to escape late Sunday, and had their plans succeeded a number of other prisoners would have been freed at the same time. O'Dell went to Keeper John Hannan in the corner of the workshop, as though to consult with him about some of his work, and threw his arms around him. Keeper Clark Crosby saw this move and ran toward the men. Before he reached them Williams snatched Keeper Hannan's revolver from him and covered Crosby, commanding him to throw up his hands. Crosby did so, and Williams took his revolver and passed it to O'Dell. Then, each covering his keeper with a revolver, the convicts marched their prisoners to the door of the workshop.

In the meantime Keeper Burdick came in from the packing shop. He saw the situation, but before he could act one of the revolvers was turned on him, and he was forced to stand with hands above his head while the convicts moved out of the shop, each with a revolver pressing against the backbone of a keeper. As soon as they passed out of the door Keeper Burdick gave the alarm. The convicts abandoned their prisoners and ran toward the big penitentiary gate, through which they had hoped to pass. It was closed before they could reach it, and a few shots from the rifles of the guards—the bullets plowing up the dirt at their feet—caused them to capitulate. They threw the revolvers over the wall, were shakled, and are now in the dungeon.

JEWISH WOMEN WILL MEET.

National Council to Hold Its First Convention in New York.

New York, Nov. 3.—The national council of Jewish women will hold its first convention in this city Nov. 15 to 20. The council has a three-fold purpose, but the object is the revival of the orthodox Jewish faith in its purest and most exalted form. It was during the congress of religions at the World's Fair that Mrs. Hannah C. Solomon of Chicago made a stand for the faith, which seemed to be waning, and summoned all women who would work for the best interests of the Jewish religion to rally round her banner. Hundreds of Jewish women responded to the call and the organization of the national council resulted. Mrs. Solomon became national president and every section throughout the United States has each its local president.

The convention in New York will bring together hundreds of delegates from all parts of the country, among them some of the most brilliant women on this continent. Many women of other faiths will attend the convention, two of the most distinguished being among the speakers—Mrs. Charles Henrotin of Chicago, president of the National Federation of Women's clubs, and Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson of New York, president of the National Council of Women. Among the western delegates who will take a prominent part in the work of the convention are Mrs. Maurice C. Benjamin, who is vice president for Colorado and chairman of the national committee on philanthrophy; Mrs. Henry L. Frank of Chicago, of the Visiting Nurses' association; Mrs. Emanuel Mandel of Chicago, vice president of the Jewish training school.

SAYS HE EXTERMINATED THE BAND.

Fight in Cuba in Which Fifty-two Rebels Were Butchered.

Havana, Nov. 2.—Lieutenant Colonel Fondeviela secured information that the insurgents had a camp in the neighborhood of Cogimar, near Guanabacoa, which is just opposite the city of Havana. He went in pursuit of the insurgents, but they were warned of the movements of the column. They encamped between Penalvar and Cambute and countermarched by Dona Felicia to the mountains of Guanabao. Lieutenant Colonel Fondeviela pursued and overtook the insurgents as they were passing the river Barucayabo.

He took the positions which they held at Bodega Sitio, in the mountains of Guanabao and put to the bayonet the last of them in their retreat. The loss of the insurgents was fifty-two killed, while on the Spanish side the column lost one captain and fourteen privates wounded.

EXPLOSION IN A COAL MINE.

Two Men Sent to Eternity and Four Others Badly Injured.

Ashland, Pa., Nov. 3.—Two persons were instantly killed and four others badly injured yesterday afternoon by an explosion in Packer No. 2 colliery. The killed are: John Holleran, aged 35 years, and Joseph Fann, aged 42 years. Thomas Walsh, John McGraw, Nicholas Mack and John Korler were badly injured, the former probably fatally.

The men were engaged in driving a tunnel and had bored a hole in the rock which they charged with powder. The fuse was attached and lighted by Walsh, while the others ran to a place of safety. After lighting the fuse Walsh started after his comrades, but his clothing caught on a spike and held him fast. He cried for assistance and the men promptly responded. They had scarcely reached the spot before the explosion occurred.

Panic on a Trolley Car.

Newark, N. J., Nov. 3.—Lambuster Angelo was killed and Lisco Guiseppe was dangerously injured Monday in a panic which resulted from a trivial occurrence on a trolley car of the Consolidated Traction company. The car was filled with Italian laborers, when a fuse of the electric car motor blew out, sending a puff of smoke into the car. In fear the men rushed for the doors. Angelo jumped or was pushed off the car, and, striking the ground, his neck was broken. Guiseppe's head was badly cut and he may not survive. Three others of the party sustained minor injuries.

He Hangs the Rebellious Natives.

London, Nov. 2.—The Times' Paris correspondent says: General Gallieni's summary methods in Madagascar are receiving universal approval here. There is not a single reproach from any paper. The Gaulois says: "Brave Gallieni." Figaro says: "At last we have a man of action and not a talker."

HORROR IN A MINE.

SIX MEN KILLED BY FIRE-DAMP BREAKING LOOSE.

Being Probably Set Loose by a Blast—Two of the Victims Lose Their Lives While Heading Rescue Parties — Possibility That More Bodies May Be Found.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Oct. 30.—A terrible explosion of gas occurred in No. 3 mine of the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal company in South Wilkesbarre between 1 and 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon. Six men are known to be dead and two injured. It is not yet known how many men were in the mine at the time of the explosion, but twelve are reported missing, and it is believed all of these have perished. The dead who have been brought to the surface are: William R. Jones, fire boss, married, and John Joseph, assistant mine foreman, wife and five children. Others known to be dead, but who cannot be reached because of the black-damp, are: Thomas Owens, miner, married and family; William Lacey, rock-miner, married and family; James Herron, laborer, married and family; Joseph Worth, fire boss, married and family. The injured, so far as known, are, David Williams and John Davis, both overcome by black-damp.

Cause Never Likely To Be Known.

The cause of the explosion will possibly never be known. The mine was idle for the day. Usually there are from 400 to 500 men employed in the mine. Had they all been at work when the explosion occurred the loss of life would have been fearful. The only men in the mine yesterday were the company hands and fire bosses, who were at work in the rock tunnel changing the air course. Among those at work in the tunnel were: Thomas Owens, William Lacey and James Worth. The place was very gaseous and the men worked with safety lamps. It is believed that the gas was ignited by a blast. David Williams, the driver boss, was at the head of the slope 500 feet away when the explosion occurred, and was hurled some distance and injured. He was the only one in that vicinity who escaped alive.

Work of Rescue Promptly Organized.

The explosion was so severe that it was plainly felt at the mouth of the shaft. The roof of the fan house was blown off and all the air-ways and brattices inside were wrecked and blown away. The alarm was promptly given, and hundreds of men, women and children rushed to the head of the shaft. The grief of the womankins who had husbands, sons or brothers in the mine was heartrending. The work of organising rescue gangs was begun without delay. It was a perilous undertaking, as the sequel proved, but no man faltered. Fire Boss William R. Jones and Assistant Mine Foreman John Joseph selected the men for the first party, and themselves led the way. All were overcome by the dread after-damp, but not until they had found Driver Boss David Williams. All except Joseph succeeded in reaching the foot of the shaft and were removed to the surface, but the old fire boss, Jones, succumbed to the deadly after-damp and died in half an hour after being brought out, despite the efforts of the doctors, who did their utmost to revive him.

Four Men in the Rock Tunnel.

Joseph, the other hero, became separated from the first party, and the second rescuing party found his body and removed it to the surface. A number of company men who worked in a different part of the mine reached the surface by the No. 5 shaft, and also by another opening. It is thought possible to reach the four men in the rock tunnel until the air currents are opened. Superintendent Lawall and other officials of the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre company were early on the scene and did all in human power to aid the men below. Large streams of water were sent down the shaft to establish a temporary air current while the work of rescue was in progress. Lawall believes there may yet be six men inside, but an old miner insists that there are twelve. It is the general supposition that all are dead. On March 2, 1880, in this same colliery eight men were imprisoned and died before they could be reached by the rescuing party.

Later—The bodies of Thomas Owens, William Lacey, James Herron and Joseph Worth, who were at work in the tunnel, were found at 9 o'clock last night. They were horribly burned and hardly recognizable. The rescuers are now at work clearing the tunnel in the expectation of finding more bodies. It is believed, however, that six is the total number of dead.

Duluth Not the Terminal.

Washington, Nov. 3.—Another step in a long-standing controversy has been taken by the secretary of the interior in declining to approve the designation of the city of Duluth, Minn., as the eastern terminus or initial point of the Northern Pacific railroad grant. The department holds that the terminal should be at the right angles to the last section of the road and directs that a new terminal be established as the eastern terminus of the road accordingly.

Henry S. Stotesbury Dead.

Leadville, Col., Nov. 3.—Henry S. Stotesbury, who, during the war, held a very high position in the diplomatic service of the Confederate States, and made several trips to England in an endeavor to induce that government to grant belligerent rights to the Confederate states, died in this city Sunday night. He came here in 1879, and became largely interested in the Duncan mine, of which the late James G. Blaine was a part owner.

Five Inches of Snow.

Huron, S. D., Nov. 3.—Five inches of very heavy snow fell here Sunday night, making a foot now on the ground. The storm north and west is reported very severe, and farmers are wholly unprepared for winter. Telegraph poles and wires are down between here and Pierre, and no communication with that city has been had by wire since Thursday evening. Trains are only slightly delayed.

Failure in Woolens.

New York, Nov. 3.—William F. Clemmons, dealer in woolens, has assigned to Jacob H. Semel, without preferences. Assets, $70,000; liabilities, $55,000.

1896 NOVEMBER. • 1896

Su.	Mo.	Tu.	We.	Th.	Fr.	Sa.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30					

NO DANGER OF SHORT SUPPLY.

Potato Crop of the Country Said To Be in a Bad Way.

Washington, Nov. 3.—The potato crop is in a bad way. The officers of the agricultural department do not consider this a calamity. The over-abundant crop of last year made potatoes scarcely worth digging. The average price fell to 26 cents a bushel. It had never been so low since the war. More than 279,000,000 bushels were produced in the United States, not counting thousands of bushels left in the ground. The indications are that the total yield this year will not exceed 250,000,000 bushels. Even this could be the largest crop ever raised in this country, excepting the phenomenal crop of last year, when everybody planted potatoes.

The general condition of the crop is now 81 per cent. on the basis of 100 representing an average crop. In October a year ago the condition was 87 per cent. The acreage of the potato crop this year is 2,655,000, which is only 10½ per cent. short of the acreage of last year. But even this reduced acreage is too great to insure good prices. More or less complaint of rotting comes from nearly every section of the country, but particularly from the New England and eastern states.

Notwithstanding these unfavorable features when the prospective volume of the crop is considered there seems to be little danger of a short supply. There is only one thing now in the vision of the government experts to encourage the producers. That is a prospective shortage in the European crop. In Germany, where many millions of bushels are produced, not more than half a crop is expected. In other potato-raising countries abroad conditions have been bad and the crop is short. This gives hope of an increased demand for export. Herein lie the profits of potato raisers.

Jackson and Walling May Confess.

Covington, Ky., Nov. 3.—Signs are pointing to a confession by Jackson and Walling, or, at least, to a getting at the truth of the murder of Pearl Bryan. For two weeks Jackson and Walling have been kept in separate cells and a bitterness is growing up between them. Sunday Walling said to Turnkey Maurer: "Why should I be punished for a crime that I did not commit? I did not murder Pearl Bryan. Jackson is the man who cut her head off." Maurer asked why he had not so testified, but Walling declined to answer.

Political Murder at Chicago.

Chicago, Oct. 3.—Patrick Fenton was the victim of a shooting affray which grew out of a political dispute. He died at Mercy hospital at 12 o'clock Sunday night. Michael Patten, a roofer, is locked up at the central station and admits having done the shooting.

Fire at San Francisco.

San Francisco, Nov. 2.—The three-story brick building, occupied as a chocolate, coffee and spice factory by D. Ghirardelli & Sons, was destroyed by fire Friday. The fire started in the coffee roasting room. Loss, $75,000.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, Nov. 2.

Money on call strong at 10 per cent.; now offered at 2@2½ per cent; prime mercantile paper nominally 7@10 per cent.; terling exchange irregular, with actual business in bankers' bills at 485@486 for demand and 482@483 for sixty days; posted rates, 483@485½ and 485½@488; commercial bills, 4.80¾.

Silver certificates, 65¼; sales, 41,000; bar silver, 65; Mexican dollars, 50¾.

United States government bonds strong; 4's registered, 117¾; do coupons, 117¾; 5's registered, 110; do coupons, 110; 6's registered, 122½; do coupons, 108¼; 7's registered, 93; Pacific 6's of '97, 101.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, Nov. 2.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—November, opened and closed nominal; December, opened 73½, closed 74½c; May, opened 73½c, closed 76½c. Corn—October, opened and closed nominal; December, opened 24c, closed 24½c; May, opened 29½c, closed 29c. Oats—November, opened 18c, closed 18¼; December, opened 19½c, closed 19c; May, opened 23½c, closed 23c. Pork—December, opened and closed nominal; January, opened $8.05, closed $8.00. Lard — December, opened $4.20, closed $4.27½; January, opened $4.32½, closed $4.37½.

Produce—Butter: Extra creamery 16c per lb; extra dairy, 16c; fresh packing stock, 7@8c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 17c per doz. Poultry — Turkeys, 7½@8c per lb; chickens (hens), 7c; spring chickens, 9½c; roosters, 4c; ducks, 8@9c; geese, $3.00@4 ft. Potatoes—Burbanks, 30@35c per bu; Rebrcn, 18@20c. Sweet potatoes—Illinois, $1.60@1.85 per bbl. Honey—White clover combs, 10@12c per lb.; extracted, 5@7. Apples—Common to fancy, 50c@$1.50 per bbl.

Chicago Live Live Stock.

CHICAGO, Nov. 2.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 17,000; sales ranged at $3.50@3.90 pigs, $3.85@3.60 light, $3.15@3.35 rough packing, $3.25@3.60 mixed, and $3.30@3.55 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day; 14,000; quotations ranged at $4.00@5.30 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.45@4.85 good to choice do, $4.15@4.55 fair to good, $3.80@4.00 common to medium do, $3.40@3.80 butchers steers, $2.50@3.30 stockers, $2.45@3.70 feeders, $1.50@3.25 cows, $2.40@3.80 heifers, $1.75@3.75 bulls, oxen and stags, $2.70@3.95 Texas steers, $2.90@3.90 western rangers, and $3.00@4.00 veal calves.

Sheep and Lambs—Estimated receipts for the day, 13,000; sales ranged at $2.60@3.60 western, $1.40@2.75 Texans, $1.80@3.10 natives, and $2.75@4.80 lambs.

St. Louis Grain.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 2.

Wheat—No. 2 red cash elevator, 76c; track, 77@79c; December, 72½c asked; May, 69½c nominal. Corn—No. 2 cash, 22½@22¾c; December, 20½@20¾c; May, 27c asked. Oats—No. 2 cash, 16½c bid; May, 22½c asked. Rye—81c elevator.

Detroit Grain.

DETROIT, Nov. 2.

Wheat—Cash white, 82½c; cash red, 82½c; December, 84½c bid; May, 88½c.

ILLINOIS MELANGE.

ITEMS OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO OUR OWN PEOPLE.

Some of the Principal Happenings of the Week Reported by Telegraph and Placed for Convenience of Our Readers—Matters of Interest.

Chicago, Oct. 30.—The grand commandery of the Knights Templars of Illinois finished its business Wednesday. The principal matter transacted was the installation of the new officers and reports of the few remaining committees. The grand council of Royal and Select Masters was called to order by Grand Master Lord, who delivered the opening address. Representatives from forty councils were present. Among the officers elected were: Grand master, George M. Gross, Chicago; grand recorder, Gil W. Barnard, Chicago.

Terrible Scene at a Fire.

Arcola, Ills., Oct. 29.—With agonizing shrieks and cries almost human in their intensity three horses, with manes and tails burned off, hide scorched and smoking, and eyes destroyed by flames, ran through the streets of this city at an early hour Wednesday morning. The animals belonged to Hon. Joseph Ewing, ex-member of the legislature, whose farm lies just east of here. His large barn and granary burned at 5 o'clock in the morning, inflicting a loss of $10,000, with but light insurance. It was evidently incendiary, and the work of an organized gang of firebugs operating in this vicinity. The injured animals were shot and put out of their misery.

Young Woman Goes Insane.

Mount Carrol, Ills., Nov. 3.—A young woman about 28 years old and giving her name as Flora B. Gould was canvassing the town here in the interests of a New York perfumery house and became mentally deranged. She was found wandering over the town, having given away to some small boys her rings, gold watch, and other articles of jewelry, and having thrown her traveling grip in a ditch. She was found from her letters that she resided in Metamora, Mich. Her father was taken in custody by the authorities, who telegraphed for, and he will take her to Chicago for treatment.

Country Road of Brick.

Monmouth, Ills., Oct. 30.—Monmouth township, Warren county, has completed 3,000 feet of brick pavement, the first hard country road ever put down in the United States. The brick is single course, laid on six inches of sand, supported on each side by two and one-half feet of crushed stone. The cost will be less than $5,000 a mile. The township has several miles of crushed stone, which has given good satisfaction. A 3-mill five year tax is proposed for payment of the improvement.

He Charges Abduction.

Waukegan, Ills., Oct. 30.—August Peters, who disappeared from his home in Highland Park over a month ago, and was subsequently found imprisoned in a breakwater, located, it was said, by a clairvoyant, has commenced prosecution of his alleged abductors. George and Ben Goldberg, sons of Isaac Goldberg, are charged with the crime. They have been arrested. The Goldbergs are rival merchants to Moses & Son, who employ Peters.

Killed by His Wife While Hunting.

Vandalia, Ills., Nov. 2.—Near Haverstown, this county, Edward Armstrong, accompanied by his wife, who is a good markswoman, went hunting for quail. Mrs. Armstrong was in a cornfield and could not see her husband, who was on the other side of the fence. She fired at a covey of birds, the charge striking her husband in the back of the head and killing him almost instantly.

Went Crazy Over Politics and Died.

Quincy, Ills., Oct. 31.—Albert Weber, a man of well-known family who went violently insane during the Bryan demonstration here Saturday, and was taken to Jacksonville asylum the same day that Bryan spoke in that city, died there yesterday. He was 37 years old and unmarried.

Apparently Murdered and Robbed.

Decatur, Ills., Nov. 2.—The body of Thomas Hall, a peddler from St. Louis, was found in Sangamon river near Wabash bridge. Apparently he was murdered and robbed, as nothing of value was found among his things.

Woman Burned to Death.

Chicago, Nov. 2.—Mrs. Christian Menke of 1008 Florence avenue, Evanston, was so badly burned by the explosion of a gasoline stove Saturday that she lived but a short time after the accident.

State Notes.

Chauncey Foster and Lewis J. Hanchett, students of a Chicago business college accused of throwing eggs at Bryan, have been expelled from the institution they were attending.

At 12:09:25 p. m. exactly, according the Chicago reports, the murderer Mannow was hanged yesterday in the Cook county jail. His accomplice in the killing of Birch, a street railway cashier, Windrath, was hanged July 5 last and went to the scaffold shouting "Hang up Mannow."

Mayor Arnold's store at Batavia, Ill., was burglarized and robbed of $400 worth of clothing. The thieves made their escape.

Lon Levy, a dealer in woolen goods at 125 Franklin street, Chicago, has failed. He made an assignment to Abram L. Stone. The assets are $18,000 and the liabilities $22,000.

Russian Greek Church Dedicated.

Seattle, Wash., Nov. 3.—The only Russian Greek church on the Pacific coast north of San Francisco was dedicated Sunday in this city by Rt. Rev. Bishop Nicholas of the diocese of Alaska and the Aleutian islands, assisted by Rev. Ambrose Wretta, D. D., and two candidates for the priesthood. The decorations were elaborate and the rich robes and vestments found a fitting background in the vivid coloring of the altars and their trappings. The flags of the United States and Greece were conspicuously displayed. The musical programme was of a high order.

A Russian land owner at Batoum during the big oil strike there had an income of about $30,000 a day from his wells.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, Oct. 28.

Rev. L. W. Eckert, of Easton, Pa., has asked his congregation to reduce his salary because of the hard times.

Mrs. Martha Squires, of Nelsonville, N. Y., who celebrated the 102d anniversary of her birthday Oct. 11, died yesterday. She was in her usual health, seemingly, when she awoke, but dropped dead shortly after leaving her bed.

Major Dickinson of New York, did not forget in his dying moments his horses, and in his will ordered that his favorite road mare, Ella B., and the little pacer, Ed Annon, shall be kept in comfort as long as they live at his farm in Maryland.

Charles James fatally shot Jacob Garrison at Richmond, Ky., because he objected to Garrison's attention to his daughter.

British admiralty officers deny reports of an increase in the strength of the British fleet in American waters.

Dave Pool, aged 17, of Grand Pass, Mo., had a dispute with his father and left home. Soon after he was found hanging to a tree two miles from home.

Thursday, Oct. 29.

Marguerite Scott, a colored woman, was murdered within a few doors of a New York city police station, having been shot through the heart. Her husband, Howard A. Scott, is suspected.

Tschigorin, the chess master, won first money in the international chess tourney at Buda Pesth, Charousek getting second.

Mrs. Rose Rosenblatt, of New York city, drank a bottle of carbolic acid because her husband Joseph was too fond of bicycling and often neglected her for his wheel.

Secretary of the Navy Herbert has selected the following names for the new battleships now under construction: Alabama, Illinois and Wisconsin.

Joseph Allen and Maud Harvey, song and dance artists, were to have been married at New York Sunday night, but discovered that they were brother and sister in time to stop the wedding.

Friday, Oct. 30.

Mrs. Mary White, of Chicago, committed suicide at Indianapolis.

A severe storm prevails along the coast of Portugal. A fishing boat has been lost near Setubal, eighteen miles southeast of Lisbon. Fourteen fishermen were drowned.

Michael Mellon, a laborer, of Matteawan, N. Y., has been sleeping soundly for over a week, and all efforts to arouse him are unsuccessful.

Five to four was the ratio of the latest Chicago saloon hold-up. The robbers were five, backed by an equal number of pistols, and the victims were four—Charles Schimel, whose saloon, 1078 West Van Buren street, was the scene of the robbery, his bartender and two customers. The robbers escaped with $70, three watches, five free beers and five cigars.

Paris tribunals have decided that the habit of gambling in the wife is a valid ground for divorce.

The birthday anniversary of Bolivar was generally observed at Caracas, Venezuela.

Saturday, Oct. 31.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Dixey, who have been separated for the last six years, have settled their differences and are once more living together.

Commander William Boothman, of Weitzel post, No. 435, G. A. R., of Chicago, has resigned. He has been charged with misapplying county funds intended for indigent veterans, veterans' widows and children.

Obituary: At Caledonia, Wis., Bernhardt McQuinlan, 100. At New York, Francis Daniel Bunce. At San Francisco, Herman Levison. At Carlisle, Ill., J. Elliott, 79. At Belvidere, Ill., ex-Postmaster R. G. Whitman, 49. At Columbus, O., J. R. Bliss.

Eight thugs held up the saloon of John Hamm at Chicago. The robbers locked themselves, the bartender, Theodore Schiesler, and a customer, Henry Spitzer, in the saloon. About $45 and two watches were stolen. Schiesler lost three teeth because he failed to hold up his hands. The thieves escaped after locking their victims up.

Monday, Nov. 2.

Dr. J. H. Bushnell, aged 52, brother of Governor Asa Bushnell, of Ohio, died at Washington Saturday. He went there during the war to engage in government hospital work and remained to practice medicine.

Fire destroyed the upper stories of an Italian boarding house at Buffalo, N. Y. Several inmates were badly burned; one woman, name unknown will die.

During the "sound money" parade at Cincinnati Saturday Henry Loewenstein, a prominent capitalist and director of the Cincinnati Abattoir company, dropped dead while marching with his employes.

The snow and wind storm of Friday caused heavy losses of cattle in the upper Missouri and Cheyenne river ranges in South Dakota.

"Oklahoma Bill," alias William Payne, alias Pratt, a thug cut on bond on a hold-up charge, committed suicide at Kansas City by shooting.

Ira Burnige, aged 17, and Grace Sayler, aged 18, were drowned at Wheaton, Kan. They were sweethearts, engaged to be married and attempted to ford a creek.

Cures

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WHICH DID SHE MEAN

HOW MEMBERS OF A RURAL PARTY GOT TO MORALIZING.

Elihu Undertook to Shew the Hired Man and Other Members of His Family How Easy It Is to Rob the Unsophisticated. The Result Wasn't Just as He Calculated.

It was a truly rural party that waited in harrowing suspense for the train which was to leave in two or three hours. They had been to a fair, and in their periods of comparative repose passed the time recounting their experiences and observations.

"I can't he'p bein anxious," the old gentleman said apologetically to a gate tender. "Ye see, there ain't nobody to home, an somebody up in our country is developin a ter'ble appetite fur Leghorn chickens, which is my specialty. I don't like the idee of stayin here overnight, dodgin bunko steerers, when we orter be chasin chickin thieves."

"Haven't you got a hired man on the place?"

"We brought 'im along. He was willin to pay his own way, an ez he'd of quit ef I hed told 'im he'd gotter stay, I thort it 'ud save trouble in the end."

"Yes siree," chimed in the hired man, who came up just at that point in the conversation, "I had to move weth the percession. An I wouldn't of missed seein what I did fur nothin. I guess I got through weth more sights than anybody else in the hull outfit."

"I reckon ye didn't comie across any more that was new an startlin than some of the rest of us," replied the old gentleman in a blase tone of toleration. "I know of one thing thet ye didn't see, fur mother says she had her eye on ye all the time. Hev ye got any money?"

"Two dollar an sixty cents," was the self satisfied response.

"Then ye didn't see whut I'm talkin about. Ye run over to thet store an buy 8 cents' wuth of English walnuts an I'll show it to ye. I'll be over whur mother an Zeb is, 'cause it'll interest them too."

When the hired man came back from his errand, the old gentleman was saying to his wife: "I was out fur experience, an ye can't git experience without its costin a leetle somethin. I learnt a new game, an I want Zeb an the hired man ter know about it, so's ter put 'em on their guard again the wickedness of this here world. All ye need is some walnut shells an a paper wad."

The members of his household followed him to the window ledge, and, after a few preliminary passes to loosen up his muscles for feats of legerdemain, he paused to remark:

"Now, ye'll understan, of course, thet this here ain't no lesson in gamblin. I jes' wanter show ye how it's done. When ye go ter town, ye'll know jes' ez much about it ez them sharpers does an be on yer guard. It's a game whur the man ez does the guessin ain't got no show whutsomever."

He manipulated the shells and the paper wad in imitation of the man he had seen at the fair, and stepping back said:

"Course, I don't want ye ter bet nothin, 'cause that 'ud be jes' like robbin yer. But it won't do no harm fur ye ter make a guess, so's ter show ye how the dag-on-ed swindle operates."

"I'll bet ye my new knife agin that buckhorn handled one of yer'n thet I kin pick out the shell ez has the paper wad under it," remarked the hired man.

"I wouldn't let ye do it. Don't ye onderstan' thet this is a skin game I'm a-showin ye?"

"I don't keer nothin 'bout that. I've got that ther paper wad located an ye da'sn't bet thet I ain't."

"I da'sn't, da'sn't I? I don't like ter take no advantage of ye, but ye're a man growed an responsible fur yer own acks. Put up yer knife."

The stakes were laid on the window ledge, and the hired man promptly selected the right shell.

"By hokey," exclaimed the old gentleman, "ye've guessed it! It must 'a' been by a miracle."

He tried it again, and this time not only the hired man, but Zeb and the old lady, risked all their available small change. Again the amateur thimble rigger juggled the shells, and with the same result.

"Better own up an quit, father," suggested Zeb.

"I won't do nothin of the kind," was the reply.

In the course of time he issued promissory notes for a saddle blanket, a pair of boots, six pearl collar buttons, a calico dress, a pair of bearskin gloves, seven plugs of tobacco and $4.50. But he was not discouraged. He was preparing for another shuffle of the walnut shells, when his wife exclaimed:

"Elihu, ain't it purty near train time?"

There was a simultaneous rush for the gate. Their train had been gone nearly 15 minutes.

"Waal," said the old gentleman, "it's disapp'intin ter hev ter set here tell the nex' one goes, but we've had the benefit of the exposy, anyhow. Ye kin allus dror a moral from most anything that happens. It all goes ter show thet there ain't any way of bein re'ly safe in games of chance, no matter which side ye're on."

"Yes," said Zeb, "it all come ter pass 'long of hevin ter kill time in this here place."

"Whur's the hired man?"

"He told me thet, ez it would be a good while tell the train went, he reckoned he'd take some of his winnin's an paint the town a little bit."

The old lady passed around some red apples and remarked:

"To my way of thinkin, there's another eternal truth thet this afternoon hes demonstrated."

"What is it, Mirandy?"

"A fool an his money are soon parted."

And her husband never took the trouble to inquire whether she meant him or the hired man.—Washington Star.

PICTURE ON A HILL.

The Long Man of Wilmington, England Measures 240 Feet.

About midway between Berwick and Polegate stations, at a point where the side of the hill is very precipitous, those who know exactly the spot where to look will be able to see from the railway carriage windows a sort of rude imitation of the human form outlined in white. The figure, which is between 200 and 300 feet in height, holds a long staff in each hand. This is "the Long Man of Wilmington," once the center of profound veneration and worship, but now merely an object of interest to the curious.

In order to obtain an adequate idea of this great hillside figure, dominating the surrounding country and appearing to watch as guardian over the little village below, it is desirable to approach it afoot, tramping along the winding lanes, as the pilgrims of old must have tramped when they came hither on the occasion of some great religious festival. Seen from afar, the figure does not appear to be of remarkable size, but gradually, as one approaches the hill, it assumes an imposing and definite shape.

The figure, about 240 feet in height, was merely shaped in the turf so as to allow the chair to appear through. In the course of time these depressions in the surface became almost imperceptible, and to such an extent was the figure neglected that at last it was only possible to make out the form at a distance when the slight hollows were marked by drifted snow or when the oblique rays of the rising or setting sun threw them into a deep shadow. In order to preserve the form of the Long Man, and to render it at the same time easily distinguishable at a distance the outline was marked by a single line of white bricks placed closely together. The effect has been to produce a somewhat startling figure, which is plainly visible in fine weather from a great distance.

There are in different parts of the country other examples of extremely rude and early hillside figures, and, although the very fact of their great antiquity renders it unlikely that historical or documentary evidence will be forthcoming as to their design or precise purpose, it is very satisfactory to find that an explanation has been found which will at once account for many of their peculiarities.

The theory is that these are sacrificial figures. We learn from the writings of Cæsar that the Gauls (and the Britons were doubtless included) had figures of vast size, the limbs of which, formed of osiers, they filled with living men. The figure was ultimately fired, and the miserable victims perished in the flames.

There is a local saying in Sussex, probably of great antiquity, in which the Long Man is mentioned in reference to the weather. It runs:

When Firle hill and Long Man has a cap,
We at A'ston gets a drap.

SURPRISING THE ORIENTALS.

A Sea of Pigtails Watched a Twist Drill Work.

An interesting account of a visit to a Chinese arsenal near Fuchau is given by a corfespondent of Cassier's Magazine. He says:

"Taking out two drills, I sent them in and immediately was invited to enter. The official was polite, bowing and shaking his own hands, as is the custom among Chinamen, and offered me a cup of tea.

"There happened to be several forgings in the room, and as I pressed the drills against them and pointed to over the wall he seemed to comprehend what was wanted, and in a few minutes I was in a large, well lighted machine shop. I might say this extensive plant was built and equipped by French engineers some 15 years ago.

"The native foreman examined my tools with great interest and called in several assistants. All looked puzzled and did not seem to know what they were for. Walking to a drill press, I took out the flat drill, and, after considerable packing around the shank, succeeded in getting one of my taper shank twist drills to run fairly true in the spindle. There must have been 50 Chinamen working in the room, and every one had gathered around this press. The foreman ordered them off repeatedly, and then, looking at me, laughed good naturedly and gave it up.

"He brought a piece of cast iron, but I wanted something harder to drill, so I walked over to a large planer and took a long extension tool, made from 3 by 1¾ inch tool steel, and clamped it up to the table of the drill press. He shook his head, intimating that the twist drill could not go through, and the crowd of workmen emitted grunts of approval.

"The press started, the lips of the twist drill turned out two spiral chips. The men elbowed me to one side. There was a sea of pigtails bending down, watching the marvelous action of that little tool. As the chips grew in length the expressions of wonderment increased.

"It happened that the chips did not break until they were about 14 inches long. Then others started, and each time that they broke off they were eagerly snatched by the men, some burning their fingers, and examined carefully from end to end.

"The dull edges of the drill were shown around and then ground and started again, and the fact that the drill would cut as well as the first time caused increased amasement and murmura. I have made many tests with twist drills, but never before such an appreciative and demonstrative audience."

Malice.

"I guess I've found a way to take the conceit out of that amateur actress," remarked the girl who is not always good natured.

"How did you do it?"

"Introduced her to an amateur photographer who wanted to take her picture."—Washington Star.

FOOD FOR THE FIEND

NEW YORK'S "FIREPROOF" SKY-SCRAPERS INVITE A HOLOCAUST.

Once Well Started a Conflagration Might Wipe Out the Best Part of the Business Section—Too Much Iron, Says Chief of Fire Department Bonner.

New York's business section—that part of the city that includes the newest of modern fireproof buildings—is in great danger of being wiped out by fire. Capitalists who furnish the money that pays for erecting these new buildings do not seem to realize this fact, although the veteran chief of the fire department reiterates this statement about once a year. Read what he says.

"That a big section of lower New York some day will be wiped out by fire is probable if existing conditions continue," Fire Chief Bonner said to a Press reporter.

These conditions are the height of the buildings, the material used in their construction, the narrowness of the streets and the inadequacy of the water supply.

It is a favorite argument that if worst came to worst, buildings ahead of a burning area could be blown up, as the farmer turns a dead furrow to check the prairie fire. This theory is not advanced any more by intelligent men, says the chief.

"We can fight a fire 125 feet high, or ten stories. Above that we are well nigh helpless. They say that the modern tall fireproof building needs not as much protection as the ordinary low structure. But the fireproof building is yet to be built. The communists couldn't destroy Paris in 1871 even by the use of barrels of petroleum. In American buildings are all the necessities of a big, hot fire, without the aid of a drop of petroleum. The large structures in foreign cities are built far more solidly than ours. Having fewer forests and less wood, European builders get along with little inside trim of wood. Iron and steel in these days have taken the place in this country of masonry. Nothing withstands fire as well as a well constructed brick wall. Iron columns are covered with four inches of terra cotta or brick, which fire and water can tear off in a short time. Then the stripped iron is left to warp and twist and tumble. I believe the covering should be eight inches.

"With only one night watchman in a building, in danger, like all mortals, of sudden sickness or incapacity, and with no night elevator, a fire could get a good headway in the upper floors of a 20 or 30 story building. Bursting out of the windows and fanned by a strong wind, the flames could easily leap the narrow streets of lower New York and a fire of enormous extent and damage begin.

"I have always opposed putting a big building in City Hall park, believing that the time might come when that area, needful as a base of operations, would be the salvation of the city."

Most of the new skyscrapers have fire fighting appliances of their own of more or less value. Tanks on the roof and in the cellar are supplied and kept full by various systems, but these are as much for the ordinary requirements of tenants as for possible use in fire. Some of the structures have standpipes inside or outside the wall. Legally there is no way of compelling the builders of what is called a "fireproof" building to put in more than the most ordinary fire appliances, even above the 125 foot line.

Building a 20 story structure is much like building a dwelling house in one respect—there's always deviations from the plans and improvements upon them. For every alteration from the drawings filed with the building department the permission of the board of examiners must be had. If the alterations are proper, consent is granted, but on condition that approved fire appliances be put in the building, particularly in the upper stories. These include a stipulation that at least one elevator shall be ready to run at any time in the night in order that the firemen can get up and down quickly; the putting of hose and fire buckets on each floor, and, usually, a standpipe, with couplings for each floor. When the builders consent to add these equipments and others deemed necessary, including a competent night watch service, permission is granted to make the alterations. This applies, of course, only to buildings under construction recently. Of those already up there is small hope unless the underwriters' offer of lower premiums appeal sufficiently to the pocketbook.

To the end that the fire resistance of building materials shall be known positively, fire tests have been made under the supervision of the superintendent of buildings. Three such public exhibitions already have been held, and they will be continued at intervals through the winter. When finished, Superintendent Constable will make a report to the board of examiners.

The cry for more water in the lower part of the city has been insistent for years. Many have been the plans for reservoirs at the Battery and on either side half a mile or a mile up stream. Every time an extra line of pipe has been laid with the object of furnishing the needed surplus it has been tapped up town. The fire and building departments hope that the two 48 inch mains being laid in Fifth avenue will be left for the relief of the section below Chambers street. Chief Bonner says the Forty-second street reservoir should not be disturbed until water is flowing undiverted through these mains to the locality that needs it most and for which it is intended.

That New York will be brought face to face with grave peril from the 80 storied structures unless precautions plentiful and timely are taken is not doubted by those who have studied the problem of maintaining safety with mountainous firebrands in narrow streets.—New York Press.

FOOLED THE MANAGER.

How J. W. Kelly, "the Rolling Mill Man," Made the Hit of His Life.

A theatrical manager tells this story regarding the late J. W. Kelly:

In his earlier days Kelly was appearing at a variety hall in San Francisco. The proprietor and manager of the place was a German, who had a great admiration for the "rolling mill man." While Kelly was appearing at the theater the German arranged to put on the stage a series of tableaux depicting the heroism of the members of the San Francisco fire department. Kelly was to stand at one side of the stage and recite some original verses describing each picture or tableau as it was shown on the stage. The German was wildly anxious that this tribute to the firemen should make a hit on the opening night.

"Oh, Chon," he said, "do your best, and you vill make te hit of your life!"

On the day of the opening Kelly remained at home, so as to be in the best possible trim for the show. Soon after 8 o'clock he started for the theater.

Just before going into the hall it occurred to him that he could have some fun with the German; so he turned up his coat collar, mussed his hair and went reeling into the variety hall.

There was a sound of crashing glassware. The German had dropped a tray full of beer glasses.

"Oh, Chon," he moaned, waving his hands in the air, "you haf wooined all te taploze! Vat is te good of haffing Irishman to vork for you?"

"Thash all right," mumbled Kelly, staggering up to him.

"Go vay," shouted the manager. "You hef kveered te show."

With that the manager rushed for the stage and arranged that a soubrette should announce the tableaux. Then he went out in front and waited, all in a tremble, to see if she could get through with it. In the meantime Kelly went around on the stage, and just as the soubrette walked on the stage Kelly followed her and said, "I'll take care of this."

The German saw him come on the stage, and with a cry of mortal terror ran for the front door. He knew that Kelly would spoil everything. He stood in the street, mopping his brow and moaning in agony, when he began to hear loud applause inside the theater. He could hardly believe his senses.

Every few seconds there would be a roar of laughter and handclapping. He timidly went back into the hall, and there was Kelly, sober as a judge and "straight as a string," making the hit of his life. After that all the German could do was to sit down at a table to weep and order beer for everybody around.

In telling the story Kelly used to say merely to finish the story, "I saw him after that when I really did have a tidy number aboard, but he only laughed and said, 'No, Chon, you can't fool me.'"—Chicago Record.

A SLIGHT INTERRUPTION.

Incident of a Reporter's Visit to a Fire Engine House.

A reporter who had sought at a fire engine house information on a point concerning which the driver could best inform him stood talking with the driver by the stall of one of the horses. The horse was secured by a tie strap commonly used in the department. One end of the tie strap is made fast by a staple driven into the side of the stall, while the other end is passed through the throat latch of the horse's bridle and held on a pin that rises in a little recess in the side of the stall. By means of a simple mechanical contrivance the pin is pulled down at the first stroke of the gong when an alarm is sounded, the tie strap is released, and the horse is set free. As the driver and the reporter talked, the horse, in a friendly sort of way, bent his head down toward the driver.

Suddenly an alarm was sounded, and the horse was transformed, and likewise the driver. The horse's head went up, and he was alert in every fiber. At the first stroke the pin had dropped, and the horse was free. With a single bound he cleared the stall and made for his place by the engine, with the driver beside him. The other two horses of the team—this was a three horse team—were clattering forward at the same moment. At the front of the house men were sliding down poles like lightning.

There were a few sharp, quick, snapping sounds, as the men already there snapped the collars together around the horses' necks, and over it all the booming of the gong.

In all the newer firehouses of the city the stalls of the horses are placed as nearly as possible abreast of the engine, so that the horses shall have the shortest possible distance to go. In some of the older houses, in which there is less room, the stalls are at the rear. That is where they were in this house.

Surprised a little, the reporter had lost a second or two in getting to the front. When he got there, he saw the driver in his seat holding the lines over the team ready to drive out and waiting only for the last stroke on the gong.

All fire teams are hooked up on every alarm. On first alarm they go out only to fires within their own district. This alarm was for a fire outside the district. Unhooked, the horses trotted back to their stalls. Descending from his seat, the driver took up the interrupted conversation just as if nothing had happened.—New York Sun.

Embroidered Suspenders.

"There's no dandy business about it," he said. "It's just plain, hard sense. Since the new woman has made herself so distressingly apparent I have had to have my initials put on nearly everything I wear, so that there would be no excuse for my wife thinking it's hers."—Chicago Post.

Her Trial.

"I am not going to give him up without a trial," said the woman as she instituted proceedings for a divorce.—Richmond Dispatch.

ROSEMARY.

Green bud stars spangle
The dead, black tree,
Bloom's in a tangle
On orchard and lea.
Now elm boughs shade me,
Now birds have sung.
Shall the heart persuade me
I still am young?

Ah, no. Heart, hush thee!
Be wise, serene,
Lest snow wreaths crush thee
Ere Halloween.
Though June be jolly,
Though flowers be sweet,
'Tis all but folly
And blind deceit.

Heart, thou has finished
With joys that fade;
Thy strength diminished,
Thy light decayed.
The brain is an ember
The blood is cold.
My heart, remember
We both are old!

—Edmund Gosse in Century.

THE COMMON BLACK COAT.

It Is Feared That It May Be Superseded by One of Lighter Color.

It would appear from one of their trade organs that tailors are becoming a little anxious about the prospects of the black coat of civilization. They fear it is in danger of being superseded by a garment of lighter hue, if not of variegated pattern. Perhaps, if they were to give voice to their deeper apprehensions, they would say that there was more at stake than the black coat. There can, at any rate, be little doubt, whether the tailors are willing to admit it or not, that with the fate of the black coat is bound up that of the black waistcoat. Whether the two have been lovely and pleasant in their lives is a matter of opinion, but we feel sure that in death they would not be divided.

We mean no disrespect to the vest in describing it as a parasite of the coat. It is a humble dependant which has only found its way into society under the wing of its influential patron, to whom it adheres with single breasted fidelity, rewarded on the other side by an attachment which is rarely broken save for a short period during the summer months.

The trousers, it is true, are connected with the two upper garments by no such feudal tie, but their own union is complete and, except in very hot weather, indissoluble. Hence, the more farsighted tailors no doubt perceive clearly enough that if the black coat goes we shall be within measurable distance of the "tweed suit." Nor are there wanting those who would do their best to accelerate the catastrophe.

Animated by the restless spirit of the age, its impatience of sobriety and its thirst for change and color in costume, as in life, there is a school of so called reformers who are endeavoring to urge the wearers of black coats to revolt. Let them give free play, exclaim these anarchistic counselors, to "their taste in checks and stripes," and they will be able to cut a far more picturesque figure at a far smaller annual outlay. With the outlay, of course, the public is not concerned, though that matter, doubtless, is not without its interest for the tailors, but we own to some uneasiness at the idea of the entire community indulging its multifarious taste in checks and stripes in a headlong pursuit of the picturesque.

We have all of us, indeed, seen the experiment tried under very favorable circumstances, but with more than dubious results by those little bands of vocal and instrumental artists, generally six or eight in number, who are usually to be met with at race meetings or on the sands at popular seaside resorts. These pioneers of dress reform have entirely discarded the black coat, preferring one of gayer color, with noticeably elongated tails, and the freedom with which they indulge their taste in checks and stripes may almost be said to border upon license. Yet the effect, even with the addition of an open shirt collar of Elizbethan proportions, a corked face and a banjo cannot be described as entirely picturesque.—London Telegraph.

Not to Be Resisted.

Some years ago, at a session of the legislature of Kentucky, an effort to repeal the law offering a bounty on foxes' scalps was made, but was defeated by the appeal of a member from a mountainous and sparsely settled region.

"Do the gentlemen want to deprive my constituents and me of the benefits of hearing the gospel preached?" he demanded, with indignation in his tone and overspreading his rugged countenance. "We are all Methodists up my way, and our preachers won't come without we can give 'em chickens, I know. We can't raise chickens unless the foxes are killed by somebody, that's sure, and there ain't anybody that can afford to spend their time hunting foxes and get nothing to pay for it.

"So, gentlemen, if you repeal this law, you'll be depriving my constituents of the benefit of hearing the gospel preached. That's the way it looks to me!"

This reasoning was too much for the legislature, and for the time being the law was not repealed.—Youth's Companion.

Odd Things About Water.

Water is made up of two different elements—hydrogen and oxygen. It has in its composition two measures of hydrogen for every one of oxygen, but as the latter is so much heavier than the former nine pounds of water are found to contain eight pounds of oxygen and only one of hydrogen. The way in which the composition of water is proved is by means of the voltaic electric battery, combined with other apparatus, designed especially for the purpose.—St. Louis Republic.

Firle hill, or Beacon, is a well known height of the South downs, and the "cap" referred to is a covering of clouds or mist.—English Illustrated Magazine.

Shirts of chain armor, which cost about $500, are now worn by more than one distinguished person on the continent.

A PECULIAR BUSINESS.

Breeding and Catching Leeches For the New York Market.

James Partit and his children earn all the money they make raising leeches, for the work of breeding the bloodsuckers on the Partit farm on Toms river, near Lacy, N. J., is nothing compared with the labor of catching them. The wary leech will take hold of nothing but human flesh, so the members of the Partit family, big and little, plunge their legs into the swamp and draw them up presently with the prey attached.

Farmer Partit doesn't seem to think a little blood letting hurts one.

"They are as good as a dose of spring physic," says he. "Why, me and the boys get so fat and healthy doing nothing all winter that we need something like this to keep us in order. If we fished too long at a time, they might do some harm, but we know when to stop. After the season is over we feel fresher and better than if we hadn't been leeching. They are just like mosquitoes—they suck out all the bad blood and leave the good, and that's why, I suppose, we feel so good after a month's work in the swamp. I think we'd all have malaria down in this wet place if it wasn't for the leeches. No man could wade through such a mudhole without getting malaria unless something helped him."

His farm yields 500,000 leeches a year, and the price is 20 or 30 cents for 100, giving an annual income of $1,000 to the family. The market is New York or Philadelphia, where the leeches are distributed to the trade.

Half a century ago this would have been a great business, but the belief in leeches has fallen off in this country. Europe clings to the practice, and Paris consumes 3,000,000 leeches yearly, while London finds use for over 7,000,000 a year.

James Partit or his boys, when wading, discovered the presence of the leeches in his swamps. He looked up the subject and decided that he would supply the American market, which hitherto had depended on Europe. He found that buyers preferred the Hungarian fellow of olive green without spots, or else the German leech, with dark green body spotted below with black. He got a few specimens and put them in the pond. They multiplied rapidly after their enemies, the water snakes, were exterminated, and soon the first leech pond in the country was established. The young are ready for market in about a year, but reproduction takes three years. The average life of a leech is 15 or 20 years. Usually a healthy man can fish in the swamp four or five hours without losing enough blood to exhaust him. The leech has three jaws and from 20 to 90 teeth. When these get going, in a short time the leech will swallow five times his weight in blood.

All this is more pleasant than the practice elsewhere of fattening leeches [illegible] about New York on decrepit old horses or the market is [illegible] which have been condemned to the boneyard.—New York Press.

GETTING PATENTS.

The Discoverers Are Not Usually the Ones to Reap the Reward.

If you look back on the history of human progress, you will find that none of the great epoch making inventions has ever been patented. The man who lit the first fire—whether Prometheus or the party from whom he stole the idea—did not get a patent for it. Neither did the man who made the first wheel, in every sense one of the most revolutionary inventions in the history of man. The same thing may be said of the invention of soap, candles, gun powder, umbrellas and the mariner's compass, or, to come down to our own day, of the steam engine and the electric telegraph.

Patents are mostly concerned with small mechanical details and improvements—it may be in the application of steam and electricity—and by means of these patents enormous profits have been secured to second rate inventors, but the great ideas and discoveries which underlie these details have been given to the world gratis.

There is a general notion that if you did not protect inventions by means of patents inventors would cease to invent and material progress would come to a standstill. But history does not bear this out in the least. Men with great mechanical gifts do not exercise them solely with a view to commercial profit any more than astronomers search the heavens for new worlds with an eye to registering patents and floating companies on the results of their discoveries.—London Truth.

Plaiting.

Very narrow plaiting is a favorite dress trimming. A costume of gray camel's hair is made up in a plain princess fashion. The waist closes at one side, and the skirt, waist and sleeves are, as one enthusiastic young woman expressed it, absolutely smothered in pinked out ruffles of iridescent taffeta. In addition to the plaiting these ruffles are plaited, then drawn out a little to make fans, which are laid so as to form bands of trimming from shoulders to waist line as outlines for yokes and to supply the place of the almost collapsed sleeves. One dress has an outlined yoke of very narrow pinked and plaited ruffling. From the seams where the sleeves are sewed in are similar ruffles of varying widths, the lower one being about 14 inches wide and the upper one not over 5 inches wide.—New York Ledger.

To change one's nationality in Russia is not at the command of every purse. The first condition is that you should be a landowner for five years at the shortest, and that during the whole of that period you should have resided upon your property in that country. The next condition is that you should take the oath of allegiance to the czar.

When an Englishman becomes a naturalized Norwegian, his wife and children also change their nationality.

A SEPARATION.

The room which I inhabited at that time in Via Bagutta was really higher up than was needful. I told myself so four times a day when I ascended the 113 steps that separated me from the level of the throng on the street, but because when one had reached the top there was to be enjoyed a magnificent panorama of roofs and chimney tops I staid there. Besides, in the course of four months I had made the acquaintance of all my neighbors, and usually among the neighbors of a bachelor there is some one that he would be sorry to miss.

It was there that I knew the oddest wedded pair that can be imagined. To say that Signor Sulpicio and Signora Concetta were one is not a metaphor, for between them they hardly had as much flesh and bones as an ordinary well set up individual. But their united ages were a decade more than a century and a half. And if Signora Concetta had taken the freak to stand upon her husband's head, she would have bumped the ceiling. Now the rooms in that house are 3½ meters in height—11 feet 8 inches by the American measure.

Whoever has solved these arithmetical problems will have before him, I should think, the precise likeness of these old persons and sees them, as I do in my mind's eye, long, meager, gaunt, with white heads, faces seamed by wrinkles, with sunken, gleaming eyes.

They had shared their joys and sorrows, bed and board for 60 years and had gazed into each other's eyes until the two faces had grown alike, and but for their noses they might have been supposed to be brother and sister. But each nose had persisted in remaining the antithesis of the other. That of the husband was hooked like an eagle's beak and seemed to keep watch upon all that went into his mouth. Signora Concetta's nose turned up, as if prudently withdrawing in order not to embarrass the good mouthfuls. The comparison is not mine. They invented it themselves at the wane of the honeymoon in a moment of anger over a dish that tasted of smoke. It was the first cloud in their azure, an ugly cloud that rose from the dish to their noses and then passed into their habits of feeling. They ended by believing themselves totally incompatible. Concetta spoke of returning to her parents, and Sulpicio was willing that she should do so, but as they were on the wedding journey the matter was deferred. But the fatal word had been spoken—a separation. The day after Sulpicio recalled the morning discourse which his father-in-law had addressed to him—remembered how he had sworn to make his bride happy. A crowd of tender memories of sage reflections impelled him to induce Concetta to remain under the conj[illegible] roof.

On her [illegible]ncetta, a judicious young wo[illegible] was, had called to mind [illegible] counsels, the yes[illegible] her [illegible] the envy of her friends who remained spinsters. She thought of the grief of her family, the secret joy and false pity of the other girls, and concluded that on the whole Sulpicio was not so bad and that it was all the fault of that unlucky dish. Then the pair smiled, clasped hands and exchanged the kiss of peace. But there was a tacit understanding that they took each other on trial. That trial, having weathered a thousand tempests, had lasted for 60 years.

Now and then the neighbors were startled by a shrill scream. "That is Concetta!" they said. And Concetta it was. She had a way—when she had launched at her domestic tyrant all the charming epithets accumulated in her verbal researches of the past 60 years without conquering the forces of his vocabulary—she had a way, then, of giving one final shriek. People ran to the scene and found that old Sulpicio had sought safety in flight down the stairs while Concetta flung at him from the landing one last descriptive adjective.

The first cares to the injured were lavished on Concetta, and we had learned that these must consist in letting her talk until her wrath had evaporated. Woe to any who should pity her or tell her that her husband was not the right sort, for when her anger seemed spent it would blaze up like a lucifer match, to protest that she had wished to marry him and would keep to him, that what her Sulpicio was nobody could know but herself, nobody need teach her to read in his heart, she knew all about him, these many years, and he was worth all the rest of mankind put together. When the storm was over and the lauding deserted, she would peer out from her room, look about her, her head shaking under its big black silk cap, slip down to the next floor and knock at the door of Signora Nina, a young widow who lived with an infirm uncle who was a friend of Sulpicio. Concetta knew that her man was very fond of his friend's young niece and she not only was not jealous, but begged the aid of Nina as a peacemaker. About the same time the fugitive husband would return stealthily into the house, climb the stairs and invade, panting, my apartment. He knew that Concetta loved me like a son, that a word from me would influence her, and he trusted to me to restore domestic tranquillity.

My part as mediator was not difficult, and I do not think that Signora Nina had a harder task. As soon as Concetta saw me, before I spoke a word of my embassy, she would press my hands between her knotty ones and mutely shaking her head and raising her eyes to the ceiling express to me her sorrow for what had happened, her readiness to return to her wifely duty, her gratitude for my good offices. In fact, the pair could not live apart. They loved as they always had loved, in warlike guise, but as greatly as mortals may.

When the repentant Sulpicio appeared in the doorway, with a careless and indifferent air, not wishing to show emotion in my presence, Concetta would remember some stitch in time that would save nine, and begin to rummage in her pockets for her thimble and needlecase. Then I slipped through the door or locked out of the window or took up a book. Sulpicio would draw near to Concetta.

Concetta would turn a little toward Sulpicio. I could see with the tail of my eye their trembling hands clasp each other, their faces near together, lit by smiles, a few tears running down their furrowed cheeks. Finally they embraced fervently, and I continued to look in another direction and talk about the weather, thinking within myself that those tears and smiles were altogether worthy of the springtime of life and a pair of rosy faces.

Once, however, the squall was so terrific that before the two ships entered together into the safe harbor of domestic concord it took several hours and much diplomacy. The word separation had been pronounced by each and neither would be the first to unsay it. Unluckily for their well wishers, the husband and wife had gone out of the house and by different doors. The servant, a semi-idiotic girl, understood nothing except that master and mistress were both out. I seated myself by the chimney corner to await their return. It was a glorious winter's day. My thoughts were rather amusing. I was trying to guess which of the pair would come home first. Which? Concetta, no doubt. Just then I heard the "frou frou" of a gown. I rose, turned and found myself face to face with Signora Nina, the young widow of the first floor.

The signora appeared surprised to see me and was quite embarrassed, all the more because, having entered with her accustomed familiarity, she wished not to have the air of committing an indiscretion, and she looked around to see whether some one would come and let me know, indirectly, that she was using her right of entree. Meanwhile I bowed to her and was about to speak. She forestalled me. "Signora Concetta is not at home?" she asked me.

"Nor Signor Sulpicio. I am waiting for one or the other of them."

"And I was looking for one or the other. I will come again later."

But the knowledge that both were away from the house seemed to disquiet her, and she did not move.

"If you would like to wait here, I will come another time," said I.

"Thanks. You probably are come in order to"—

"For the same reason"—

I invited her to take my place at the fireside, yet when she was seated there I did not leave the room. Signora Nina did not know me, but I knew Signora Nina very well. Often from my window above hers I had noted the color of her hair and vainly hoped for the opportunity to learn the color of her eyes. Now the white little hands that I had seen beating a tattoo on the window sill were playing with the tongs of the domestic hearth. I saw clearly the face that had been a mystery for me. Ah, the Signora Nina was beautiful, or at all events she pleased me so much!

She saw that I remained standing and made me a courteous sign to be seated. We waited in silence for some minutes. No one came. Little by little that silence weighed upon us. She spoke to me of Sulpicio, and I spoke to her of Concetta. When she learned that I was mediator between the old couple, she smiled slightly. What a charming smile!

"Such a pity," she said, "to live 60 years together without coming to a good understanding!"

"These are surface agitations," I observed. "They are really fond of each other."

She made a little grimace and was silent. After awhile she said, "What o'clock is it?"

"Four o'clock."

"It is late. I must go. I will come back again"—

"It really wants 13 minutes of 4."

Signora Nina smiled and did not go away. I did not know why, but my heart was full of joy bells ringing.

Then enter Sulpicio and Concetta, hand in hand.

"Is peace made?" Signora Nina and I questioned with our eyes.

"It is," the eyes of the old pair responded.

"I came to pay my respects to you," said the widow to Concetta, "but it is late and I ought to go."

Concetta replied with great good humor, "All the better that Signor Carlo was here to keep you company."

At this my heart beat harder and I perceived that the widow blushed. She want away. I departed very soon after.

All day long I thought of Signora Nina. I dreamed of her all night. The next day I passed the forenoon at the window in order to see her and had the good fortune to exchange a good morning with her. During the next month I never failed to go at the same hour to the window and always with the same happy result. One day I ventured to smile at her, the next day she deigned to smile on me—and five months and one week later we were married.

We were happy. We lived in a pretty little house sufficiently far from the madding crowd. Our windows were not overlooked by inconvenient neighbors. The rooms were sunny, and our new furniture gleamed in the light. Nina's old uncle had absolutely refused—as he phrased it—to set us up in housekeeping with his many infirmities and had gone to live with a sister of his in the country. We were content to be alone. Our rooms were decorated in pink and filled with visions not less rosy. Nina had such grace of manner, such a sweet smile, a look so serene, a voice all music and a certain way of placing her hands on my shoulders that meant "I love you"—that I could have spent whole hours in contemplation of her. She had a single defect—that of slamming the doors when she passed from one room to another. Often, startled from my fantasies by the bang of a door, I should have yielded to an impulse of irritation if her rosy face had not at once appeared before me.

And it must be admitted that I was a model husband to Nina. I never left her alone, or at least as little as my business allowed. I never contradicted her. I anticipated her wishes, never spoke an unkind word to her. I did a thousand childish things to amuse her. I had, however, one slight defect—I was horribly absentminded. Sometimes, absorbed in some foolish fantasy, I failed to answer her smile or her speech.

There came a day when I was unusually abstracted, and she banged a door louder than common. An "Oh!" escaped me. She heard, and I regretted it. But in vain. Another time Nina left me in a brown study. She walked on tiptoe and was very careful to make no noise in shutting the door. The clangor of the forge of Vulcan would not have caused me to leap quicker from my chair. I ran after her, embraced her, and we had a great laugh together. But the ice was broken. We had mutually admitted one thought—we were not perfection.

However hard she tried, Nina could not correct herself. Only when she slammed a door she took on a certain air, half contrite, half mischievous, that made her more beautiful. As for me, it was in vain that, caught with my wits wool gathering, I shook my head and stared. I became neither wiser nor handsomer.

Our honeymoon had lasted many months unclouded. Then came a day, a day of July, when the sun glared and the heat was cruel. She asserts that she began the quarrel, asking me what I was thinking about, with my head in the clouds. But it was I who gave the first offense in the form of a very little swear word apropos of a door. One mild sarcasm led to another, and soon I was sulky and Nina in tears. Another occasion ended in the same way. The next time the thing went farther.

"This life is unbearable," said she.

"Indeed?" said I teasingly.

"Indeed! Ah, indeed! Oh, I knew that you were tired of me! It is almost a year that you have been married."

"Ten months," I replied.

"Which have seemed like ten years to you. Our happiness has lasted too long. Oh, how unfortunate I am! You will end by hating me, if you don't do so already—and I—I shall come to hate you."

I wanted to catch her up in my arms and run about the rooms with her and her wrath—a precious armful—until she should cry "Enough!" I wanted to fall on my knees before her and say my little prayers for her forgiveness—all sorts of things that an indulgent husband could think of in order to make her smile. I glanced at her. She turned her shoulders to me. I took a step toward her, and she ran into another room—and I, in a pet, descended the stairs, remorseful before accomplishing my fell revenge. I took a turn round the square, not being able to go far away, keeping in view the little home where had been my happiness. I thought of Sulpicio and Concetta and told myself that there was nobody to act as peacemaker between my wife and me, and that we would not have stood it if there were.

[illegible] reflected. "This is the first time [illegible] who knows if it will be the last? I must go back to her, comfort her and tell her that we never must do so again. But how will she receive me? What wouldn't I give to be sure that she will reply to my words with a good kiss? Then we would weep and laugh over the affair together and never speak of it any more."

All these reflections brought me several times as far as the threshold of our house, and as often I withdrew. At last I succeeded in overcoming the spell, sprang through the doorway, ran up stairs four steps at once, and in an instant was face to face with Nina, who had come to meet me on the landing. She hid her face between her hands and did not speak to me. I put an arm about her and led her into the parlor. I made her sit upon my knee and gently took her hands away from her eyes, laid my cheek against hers and begged her forgiveness. But instead of pardoning me she burst afresh into sobs, threw her arms around my neck and buried her face in my shoulder. My heart beat hard. Nina's actions were expressive of misfortune. What had happened during my absence? After many questions and caresses, and on her part a great sob, "She is dead!" said Nina.

"Who?"

"Concetta, poor Concetta!" My wife was silent for a moment. Then raising her head, she added, "Their separation has taken place."

"Who has told you about it?"

"A friend who came to see me. Poor Concetta passed away yesterday very suddenly."

"And Sulpicio?"

"He is in despair. He does not speak a word. He seems dazed."

"I must go and look him up."

"Oh, my dear, go as soon as possible."

I went. The heart of the old man had not been able to resist the oppression of solitude, and at night, a few hours after his companion had been carried away, he laid himself down in his widowed bed with the certainty that he should never see the morning.

His dead face appeared to smile at me and to tell me that not even death had separated them. I went home with sadness in my heart—a gentle sadness, that did me good. I did not like to tell my wife the news and was glad when some one else told it to her in my presence. As soon as we were alone she clasped me in her arms as though she were afraid.

"Carlo!"

"Nina!"

She raised her eyes as if to read my thought and slowly murmured these words:

"That will be the way with us, will it not?"—From the Italian For Short Stories.

Something Wrong.

Mrs.—Am I still "the star of your life," as I was when you used to write love letters to me?

Mr.—Of course, dear.

Mrs.—I don't seem to be drawing a star salary, though. — Indianapolis Journal.

JOURNALISM IN JAPAN

THE FIRST NEWSPAPER FOUNDED BY A FOREIGNER.

Difficulties Under Which Editors Labor. Compositors Who Have to Keep Track of Five Thousand Ideographs—Growth of the Publishing Industry.

In one of my conversations with the prime minister he observed to me: "It is unfortunate for us that we have no paper like your leading morning journals, and what is even more unfortunate is that we have no public opinion in controlling our press as you have. But if wish to write upon the journalism of Japan you should go and see my friend Captain Brinkley, the editor of The Japan Daily Mail. No one can give you better information on the subject than he can."

To Captain Brinkley, therefore, I went. As he is entering upon his thirtieth year of residence in Japan, in which country he began as a teacher of strategy and mathematics in the Naval college, which he quit, after ten years of hard work, to become the editor of the important semiofficial English paper which he conducts with great ability and on original lines, and as he is intimately connected in many ways with the land of his adoption, he, better than any one else, was qualified to give me the information I sought.

"The increase in Japanese journalism," he said, "is marvelous, but I fear the improvement is rather in quantity than in quality. When I first came here, 30 years ago, there were not more than 20 papers in the whole country and they of the most wretched description. Now we have 802 newspapers and magazines, with a total yearly circulation of 278,157,421 copies. Here in Tokyo alone we have 23 dailies, with an annual circulation of 134,804,729, and 56 magazines, issuing 4,865,999 copies yearly. The chief dailies are the Nichi Nichi Shimbun—i. e., The Daily News—which ought to interest you specially," he added with a smile, and the Jiji Shimpo, which is edited by Fukuzawa, one of the finest men in Japan today. He also keeps a large school, in which have been educated many of our leading statesmen. These two papers have a daily circulation of 40,000 each and are very influential.

"The history of modern Japanese journalism is as follows: An Englishman of the name of Black first started journalism in Japan in 1867, and his paper, printed in Japanese in Yokohama, was called The Japan Daily News. At that period, when feudalism was still powerful, anything like our journalistic criticism was very shocking to the Japanese, and, indeed, it was actually dangerous to indulge in it. His paper, therefore, came as a revelation to the submissive natives. But when they became awakened by it to what a power a paper might attain, they saw how unwise it would be to allow a foreigner to have such control of the vernacular press as Black possessed. Then a very singular thing happened. They had no power to interfere, owing to the extraterritorial jurisdiction under which Englishmen existed in those days; so they went to our then minister, Sir Harry Parkes, a most resolute upholder of British rights in Japan. But he was a just man, and he saw how unfair a power of interfering in the domestic affairs of Japan Black possessed, and so he in turn employed a curious power, which our ministers can employ in time of emergency, and he issued an ordinance having the effect of law, in which he forbade any foreigner to publish a paper in Japanese. There was a tremendous foreign outcry against this, and Black became a martyr for a brief time.

"Then was published the first paper under Japanese control, which is now the leading paper in Japan, the Nichi Nichi Shimbun. It was extraordinary to note the rapidity with which the Japanese took to newspaper reading. They were just emerging from their intellectual prison, in which the Tokugawa regents, or tycoons, had striven to stifle all enterprise, a tyranny during which for 800 years they had been forbidden to build ships or to read certain books, and in which much liberty of thought and action had been denied them. But after the restoration in 1867 came the great reaction, and as soon as this paper had succeeded numbers of others appeared. At first they were colorless, being simply a reflection of the old literary instincts of the country, which had been borrowed from China. They were ridiculously didactic and stilted. There was great use of metaphor, discussion of abstract questions. They were classical and utterly out of touch with the feelings of the people. Then, in 1873, politics suddenly came on the scene and galvanized the papers into life at once."

"Are their printing arrangements good," I asked, "and do they go in extensively for advertisement?"

"Oh, yes. They have many of the modern improvements, but you must remember that the production of a Japanese paper is a far greater undertaking than it is for us. For instance, we have only 26 letters to distinguish. They have 5,000 ideographs. Now, it is impossible for them to provide each compositor with 5,000 pigeonholes, so they have made a careful calculation as to the ideographs most in use, and each compositor has two or three quick witted, quick footed little fellows who run about collecting ideographs from case to case. They use miserable paper, and occasionally have illustrations that ought to be good, for they have a wonderful power in line drawing and many cheap and faithful woodcutters, but as a rule their illustrations are very poor. The people advertise freely, although they are heavily charged for each line, and they have recourse to pictures in many cases. Pictorial posters, too, are quite a feature, and there are already not a few Japanese who collect them as works of art."—London News.

MEXICO'S RURALES.

A Sort of Police Force Somewhat Similar to the Texas Rangers.

We heard wailing and sobbing from women as the train left Taponna the other day, and, poking our heads out of the window, we saw half a dozen peons weeping as if their hearts were broken. The conductor told us that they were the wives and daughters of a desperate bandit who had been captured and placed on the train in charge of rurales, to be taken to the adjoining state of Chihuahua and impressed into the army, where his excessive interest in other folks' affairs could be usefully applied to Indian fighting. Just as like as not, he said, the prisoner would never reach Chihuahua. The rurales who had him in charge would give him a chance to escape and then shoot him as he ran. Such incidents were continually occurring, although they were less frequent of late than formerly because of the energy of Alberto Velenzuela, chief of the rurales in the state of Durango, who became our fellow passenger at the next station and proved a very entertaining one, for, like other famous men, Captain Velenzuela has his social nature well developed.

The rurales of Mexico are a sort of military police, like the famous Texas rangers, who work entirely in the country and were originally organized to protect ranchmen, miners, stage companies and the traveling public generally against the highwaymen, cattle thieves and guerrillas that terrified Mexico for many years. They are rough riders, these rurales, and do their work thoroughly, and their captain, like Judge Lynch, tries, condemns and executes his prisoners and saves the regular courts a great deal of trouble and expense. In the mountains of Mexico, where prisons and courts are few, the captain of the rurales is prosecuting attorney, judge and jury all in one, and he tries every case as soon as it reaches him according to a code of his own. These extraordinary people have done extraordinary work, and today Mexico is much the more safe and peaceful for their interference.

Our friend, Captain Velenzuela, is said to have been a bandit in his younger days, and a very successful one, but becoming tired of the business surrendered himself to the authorities, obtained a pardon and enlisted in the rurales of Durango, where his nerve, energy and shrewdness soon brought him to the front and ultimately put him at the head of the force. He isn't a handsome man, this ex-highwayman, but he dresses with a good deal of care, and, unlike most Mexicans, is neat about his person. His jacket was of the finest linen lawn, spotless from the laundry, over a white satin vest, and a handsome watch chain dangled from his pocket. He wore a big revolver and a belt of cartridges carelessly, his trousers and his shoes were very tight, according to the fashion of well dressed men down here, and he posed patiently for his portrait, which did not quite satisfy him and was pronounced "no bueno," which means "no good."

The prisoner was a picturesque person, with an abundance of bright colored flags, and looked for all the world as if he had just made up for a comic opera. His nonchalance was impressive. He sat in the third class car, opposite a rurale, with a big rifle over his arm, and smoked cigarettes calmly as curious people stood around and stared at him. There was a padre on the train, who drew up close to his side and whispered a few words in his ear, but he received them with indifference and didn't seem concerned for the welfare of his soul.

At other stations farther on more prisoners were placed on the train, so that our bandit had company, and they were as desperate a lot of villains as one would wish to meet in the mountains with a full pocket. Some of them had robbed ranches, some had stolen cattle and sheep and horses, while the rest had committed similar crimes, and as a penalty they were banished to the Sierra Madre mountains to fight Indians for four years, which is a good deal better than shooting the robbers.—Chicago Record.

One of Carlyle's Heroines.

Theroigne de Mericourt was a woman singular among the women of the revolution. Readers of Carlyle will remember his almost gallant salutations of her (a handsome young woman of the streets, who took a passion for the popular cause and rode on a gun carriage in the famous outing to Versailles) as often as she starts upon the scene. When he misses her from the procession, in the fourth book of the first volume, it is: "But where is the brown locked, light behaved, fire hearted Demoiselle Theroigne? Brown, eloquent beauty, who, with thy winged words and glances, shall thrill rough bosoms—whole steel battalions—and persuade an Austrian kaiser. Pike and helm lie provided for thee in due season, and, alas, also strait waistcoat and long lodging in the Salpetriere."

Theroigne was a beautiful village girl when the echo first reached her of the tocsin of the revolution. She thought a woman was wanted there and trudged hot foot to Paris, perhaps through the selfsame quiet lanes that saw the pilgrimage of Charlotte Corday. In Paris she took (for reasons of her own, one must suppose) the calling of "unfortunate female"—the euphemism will be remembered as Carlyle's—and dubbed herself the people's Aspasia—"l'Aspasie du peuple." In "tunic blue," over a "red petticoat," crossed with a tricolor scarf and crowned with the Phrygian cap, she roamed the streets, "criant, jurant, blasphemant," to the sound of the drum of rebellion. One day the women of the town, in a rage of fear or jealousy, fell upon her, stripped her and beat her through the streets. She went mad, and in the first years of this century she was still an inmate of Bicetre. When the "women's side" of Bicetre was closed, in 1803, Theroigne was transferred to the Saltpetriere, where she died.—Temple Bar.

SOMETHING REMAINS.

Friend, there be some who say the gods are dead,
And all the grace of the world's earlier days
And lingering light of heaven passed away,
And the fine bloom of life forever shed.

They say the dryads and the nymphs are fled,
No fauns or satyrs in the clearings play,
Ceres and Bacchus with their bright array
Wine press and threshing floor no longer thread.

But never Hesiod tasted sweeter thing,
Horace nor Master Walter Vogelweid,
Than I, who sit upon a carpet fair
Of newborn verdure in this joyous spring,
God in my heart, my dear ones at my side,
Glad just to breathe the universal air.
—William Herbert Carruth in Independent.

The Disappointed Contributors.

After making all reasonable allowance for the disappointment of unsuccessful writers, after admitting that no honest editor can expect to be popular among contributors, the plain fact remains that the casual contributor does not understand his true position. His demands are frequently unreasonable, and there need be little hesitation in saying that he receives far more consideration than he deserves. "Not to answer a civil letter on business is at once ill bred and unbusinesslike, whether the recipient occupies an editorial chair or not." So writes "A Contributor," but the observation is unsound and absurd. In my private capacity I receive every day civil and even fulsome letters on business, offering to lend me money, to sell me cigars, wine, baby's socks and a thousand things. The writers offer me something I do not require or cannot afford to buy, and I answer, as no doubt "A Contributor" answers—by silence.

In strict logic the universal contributor stands in precisely the same position as the volunteer money lender. When, unasked, he sends his goods on approval, in the face of a notice to the effect that rejected articles cannot be returned, he stands in the same position as the tobacconists who send out sample boxes of cigarettes. But he obtains far more courteous treatment than is accorded to the tradesman. An attempt, at the least, is made to read the most ill written manuscript. Sometimes it is even sent up to the printers in the faint hope that, after they have wrestled with it, the meaning of the scrawl may be extracted. If it be rejected, it is almost invariably returned, whether stamps have been inclosed or not. Such is the practice of nearly all reputable publications. There are, however, a few exceptions in the shape of papers which give distinct notice that they will not take the trouble to return unsuitable contributions. These papers are perfectly well known, their rule of business is strictly honest, and the man who runs the risk of submitting articles to them and loses his venture has none but himself to blame.—National Review.

Bismarck and Von Moltke.

The following story is told by a German diplomatist: At the close of the Franco-Prussian war a hasty conference was held by the German leaders to decide upon the amount of indemnity which should be exacted from France. Bismarck, differing from Von Moltke, telegraphed to Berlin for a financier in whom he had unbounded confidence. The man was a Hebrew, and was, for some reason, disliked by the great Prussian general. When, therefore, he gave his opinion that the amount demanded should be so many thousand million francs, Von Moltke exclaimed impatiently:

"Absurd! It is too much!"

"I know the resources of the French people," said the financier calmly. "They can pay it."

"It is a monstrous demand!" repeated Von Moltke angrily. "If a man had begun when the world was created to count, he would not have reached that sum now."

"And that is the reason," interrupted Bismarck quickly, his eye twinkling, "that I got a man who counts—from Moses."

Von Moltke and the Hebrew tried to look grave, but both laughed, and the storm was averted.

The sequel to the anecdote has a deeper meaning. The financier, when he received the summons to the conference, was undergoing treatment for some affection of the eyes which required confinement to a dark chamber. His oculist warned him that if he obeyed the summons the exposure and delay in the treatment would almost inevitably result in loss of sight.

He was silent a moment and then said: "I think that I am needed. I have no right to consider my sight. I will go."

He went, and the results which the oculist had feared ensued. He became blind for life.

Von Moltke, when the story was told him, said briefly: "I wronged the man. He has served his country as truly as any soldier on the field."—Youth's Companion.

Winter Shirt Waists.

Shirt waists are destined to remain with us all winter—not, however, the cotton affair, but silk most gorgeous in checks or changeable effect, yet cut strictly after the trim pattern of old. The only difference is that buttons are not used, but fancy studs in enamel or plain gold are made to do service and be ornamental. The band necktie so closely associated with the summer waist also holds its own and blazes in all the colors seen at sunrise or sunset. Collars and cuffs in white linen are worn. The silk waist, lined and boned, may be worn until wraps are necessary.—Boston Advertiser.

Yellowstone Geysers Dying Out.

W. W. Wylie of Helena, Mon., who has spent more years in the Yellowstone National park than any other man, says: "The geysers are gradually lessening in activity. As compared with 16 years ago, I should say there is not more than one-half the activity in the upper basin. I believe there will be few, if any, geysers in 50 years from now."—Chicago Chronicle.

FAULT OF A CRACK SHOT.

He Could Do Stunts With a Rifle, but Couldn't Hit Big Game at First.

A man went up in Jackson's Hole, Ida., to hunt. He could hit a can thrown into the air; he could hit swinging targets and shoot the bottoms out of beer bottles through the necks. The way he drove tacks was a marvel, and he was a fine shot at sparrow herds. When he arrived, it looked as if the Jackson's Hole game was going to suffer.

With him went a man who couldn't shoot in any such style. His rifle was a good one. He could hit a tin corn can at 50 yards very often, but he couldn't begin to compare with his friend as a fine shot. He was something of a hunter. He had killed bear and other big game though.

Both got to shooting in due time. The crack shot had a 38.55 with which he was perfectly familiar. His friend had a 45.10. The 38.55 was a more accurate weapon and plenty heavy enough for the game sought. The two men were still hunting one day and ran into a bunch of antelopes. There were seven of them, and in some way they allowed the men to get within 50 yards before they started. Both men opened fire, and away went the beasts full tilt. The survivors were soon out of sight. There were three dead antelopes. Not one had been touched by a 38.55 bullet, nor was there blood on the tails of the others. Neither was the crack shot excited at all. To prove it he threw one of his 38.55 shells into the air and cut it in two with a bullet.

Another day the crack shot at marks got to shooting at a deer. He fired five shots and never drew blood. He emptied the rest of the bullets from his repeater into a spot the size of a dollar 30 yards away. He shot the heads off some birds at 15 or 20 paces. He missed deer at 100 yards in spite of their standing still to look at him in the open.

It was weeks before he got to killing any big game at all. Then one day he saw a deer on a level with him and about 60 yards away, standing still in the open. After three shots he killed it. The bullet had broken the backbone instead of going through the fore shoulders, as he had expected. He aimed low, very low thereafter, and he killed plenty of game then. The moral is that green hunters of big game usually shoot too high.—New York Sun.

Tree When Written.

I was attracted to a place in Virginia near the Atlantic ocean, where the combined advantages of surf bathing and an absence of mosquitoes was advertised.

The surf bathing was there, but there were never more or larger mosquitoes than infested the place. The landlord was a leader in the church and made a great point of his conscientiousness, so I questioned him about the insects.

"Mosquitoes worse this year than usual?" I asked.

"Reckon not. They gen'ally bite purty sharp this season of the y'ar."

"Are there always this many here?"

"Erbout. Some gits killed, but don't seem ter make no difference."

"Didn't you advertise that the place was free from mosquitoes?"

"Sartin. I allus do, an ef ther war a single skeeter here I'd say so. I never lied yit, an I never shall. No, sir. When I say a thing, it's jest that way. I would be willin to give you $100 fer every skeeter you could hav found hyar when I writ that thar ad. las January. Ef you stay till frost, you'll fin that thar ain't one lef'. In July an August it stan's to reason thar mus' be skeeters."—Washington Star.

A Mantrap.

Those whose acquaintance with clams extends only to "little necks on the half shell" will be slow to think evil of any members of so delightful a family. But the shy and peaceful "little neck" has some big brothers who vigorously resent any attempt to pry into their personal affairs.

Men have accidentally stepped into the open jaws of these huge clams at low tide, and the clams, closing their jaws, have held them fast until the tide rose, when the men were drowned. Other men have reached for a lure in the form of a luminous spot. The instant they touched it the shells of a clam closed on their arms, and in a few minutes the men were drowned.

Some of these clams that trap men are found imbedded in the coral reefs of the Pacific and Indian oceans, and the men captured are pearl divers. The flesh of one of the huge clams sometimes weighs 20 pounds, and added to that is the 500 pounds or more of shell. The shell is sometimes 5 feet long by 2¾ feet wide.—Youth's Companion.

Effect of Good Housing Upon the Poor.

Lord Shaftesbury, who practically interested himself for more than 60 years in improving the homes of the masses, said time and again that many of the people who were in a filthy and deplorable condition had been made so by their surroundings, and that where their homes had been improved they had been rescued from such conditions. Human nature is imitative; the force of good example is catching. Lack of opportunity to lead a more civilized existence, not the inclination to remain as they are, largely explains the situation of the poorer elements among city dwellers. Sir Sidney Waterlow cites the punctuality with which the rents are paid to his corporation as evidence that people having good rooms are anxious to keep them. He believes that there is a growing desire for comfortable homes.—Century.

The New Man Must Hustle.

The colleges for women are said to be besieged with applicants for the higher education, with the number constantly increasing. This suggests two facts—the possibilities of the race for intellectual development when the women are so eager for knowledge, and the absolute necessity for the new man to be up and doing to keep pace with the feminine procession.—Baltimore American.

EFFECT OF HEAT.

The Human System Can Become Used to a High Temperature.

No one can tell how high a temperature man can endure until he is subjected to the trial. The effect of an intensely heated atmosphere in causing death has been but little studied. "Some years since," says Dr. Taylor, the eminent jurisprudent, "I was consulted in one case in which the captain of a steam vessel was charged with manslaughter for causing a man to be lashed within a short distance of the stokehole of the furnace. The man died in a few hours, apparently from the effects of his exposure. Yet the engine rooms of steamers in the tropics have been observed to have a temperature as high as 140, and engineers after a time become habituated to this excessive heat without appearing to suffer materially in health. In certain manufactories the body appears to acquire a power by habit of resisting these high temperatures. Still, it has been proved that many suffer severely.

"In a report on the employment of children (London) it is stated that in a glass manufactory a thermometer held close to a boy's head stood at 130 degrees, and as the inspector stood near to observe the instrument his hat actually melted out of shape. Another boy had his hair singed by the heat and said that his clothes were sometimes singed, too, while a third worked in a temperature no less than 150 degrees. Amid this tremendous heat they carry on work which requires their constant attention. They are incessantly in motion."

In the Turkish baths higher temperatures than this have been noted, but there is reason to believe that serious symptoms have been occasionally produced in persons unaccustomed to them, and that in one or two cases death has resulted. All sudden changes from a low to a high temperature are liable to cause death in aged persons or in those who are suffering from organic diseases. In attempting to breathe air heated to temperatures varying from 180 to 200 degrees there is a sense of suffocation, with a feeling of dizziness and other symptoms indicative of an effect on the brain, and the circulation is enormously quickened. An inquest was held on the body of a stoker of an ocean steamship. He had been by trade a grocer and was not accustomed to excessive heat. While occupied before the engine furnace he was observed to fall suddenly on the floor in a state of insensibility. When carried on deck, it was found he was dead. All that was discovered on a postmortem examination was an effusion of serum into the ventricles of the brain. It has now become one of the recognized causes of death in this country. In some cases a person may sink and die from exhaustion or symptoms of cerebral disturbance may continue for some time and the case ultimately prove fatal.

Death from sunstroke, when it is not immediately fatal, is preceded by some well marked symptoms, such as weakness, giddiness, headache, disturbed vision, flushing of the face, followed by oppression and difficulty of breathing, and in some cases stupor, passing into profound coma. The skin is dry and hot, and the heat of the body is much greater than natural.

Walk slowly and don't fret, and you will not experience anything of that sort.—Philadelphia Times.

PUMICE STONE.

Thirty Merchants Are Engaged In the Trade on the Island of Lipari.

Pumice, as is well known, is of volcanic origin, being a trachytic lava which has been rendered light by the escape of gases when in a molten state. It is found on most of the shores of the Tyrhenian sea and elsewhere, but is at present almost exclusively obtained from the little island of Lipari. Most of the volcanoes of Lipari have ejected pumaceous rocks, but the best stone is all the product of one mountain, Monte Chirica, nearly 2,000 feet in height, with its two accessory craters. The district in which the pumice is excavated covers an area of three square miles. It has been calculated that about 1,000 hands are engaged in this industry, 600 of whom are employed in extricating the mineral.

Pumice is brought to the surface in large blocks or in baskets and is carried thus either to the neighboring village or to the seashore to be taken there in boats. The supply is said to be practically inexhaustible. Pumice is used not merely for scouring and cleansing purposes, but also for polishing in numerous trades, hence the fact that the powdered pumice exported exceeds in weight the block pumice. Between 20 and 30 merchants are engaged in the pumice trade on the island.—London News.

It's Hard to Get Into the Army.

The tabulation of the enlistments in the United States army for July shows unmistakably the care with which recruits are now accepted. Captain Palmer, in charge of the Chicago recruiting station, enlisted only 27 men out of 485 who applied for enlistment—an acceptance of 1 in 17. The army standard has been raised from time to time until it is more difficult to enter it as a private for the small payment of $14 a month than it is to secure admission into any other department of the government. A good physique without a good moral character debars an applicant. The total enlistments during the month were 430 and the rejections were 2,933.—Chicago Tribune.

The Plot That Failed.

"Did you try that scheme of ringing a bell on Johnson when he was in the middle of his speech?"

"Yes, and it fizzled. Johnson was a street car conductor at one time."

"Well?"

"I made the mistake of ringing twice, and he took it as a compliment; thought it was a signal for him to go ahead."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Trained Nurse.

"It is a marvel," comments a woman, "how the sick and those who cared for them ever endured their burdens in the days when trained nurses were, if not unknown, so rare as to be practically unobtainable. I studied one who entered the sickroom of my son after I had officiated for two days. Her ministrations were wonderful in their soothing effect, yet apparently she did only the things I had been trying to do. It was her promptness, for one thing, that was a great efficiency. She wasted no time, never announced anything she proposed to do, but did it at once. Was he hot and restless, she slipped a crumb of ice into his mouth, gently sponged his face and hands, and, with no effort on his part, got him over to the fresh pillow and cool side of the bed while she smoothed the rumpled linen in readiness for his return when the next change was needed. She never worried him by saying, 'Now it is time to take your temperature,' or, 'You must have your tablets now.' She simply went to him quietly with the thermometer or glass of water, and before he knew or dreaded it the little ordeal was over. She evolved order out of the chaos of the medicine table; boxes and bottles, spoons, cups and bowls were put each in a place where they always remained during her stay when not in use; the light of the room was toned down, order and quietness were everywhere, and everything was done, while apparently she was never busy. It was such a relief to resign my sick to her trained, alert intelligence, against which my care suddenly stood out in all its awkwardness and inefficiency."—New York Times.

Egyptian Onions.

Egypt has been regarded by some people as the land of pyramids and mummies only, but it has from time immemorial had a reputation for onions. Ancient Egyptians swore by the onion and regarded the plant as sacred. The inscription on the pyramid of Cheops tells us that the workmen had onions given to them, and from the Bible we learn that the Hebrews, when slaves under Pharaoh, enjoyed these bulbs, and that when far away they remembered "the leeks, and the onions, and the garlic." The Egyptian onion is a handsome and useful vegetable, and by selecting the best strains of seed the quality tends, year by year, to improve. The Egyptian knows two varieties, the "Baali" and the "Miskaoui," but supplies of the latter kind are seldom sent abroad, as they absorb so much moisture from the frequently irrigated ground in which they are grown that they do not stand a sea voyage well. The "Baali" onion is the more popular Egyptian onion and is grown in yellow soil, which is sparingly watered while the bulbs are maturing, in order that the onions may stand a lengthy sea voyage with little risk of sprouting. So excellent in quality are these onions that efforts are, it is said, being made in other countries to raise onions from Egyptian seed.—Chambers' Journal.

Only the Silly Suffer.

The vaccination commission easily holds the record in the long distance competition of royal commissions. It sat for seven years, and now that it has reported the finding of the majority should settle the question.

That vaccination is a good thing, and that, with proper precautions as to purity of lymph, etc., it should be universal, is now, as before, placed beyond question, but the commission is of opinion that some individual liberty should be allowed, and that repeated "vaccination prosecutions" only lead to persecution and to the making of martyrs of a little handful of silly people. Smallpox is now sufficiently under control, and those who are vaccinated in infancy and revaccinated at the age of 12 are so protected that when cases do arise it is the silly people themselves who suffer.

And this is as it should be. There are a great many things that our medical high priests would like to see made compulsory, but life is too short, and it is impossible for us to be innoculated for all the complaints against which some "lymph" has been prepared.—Saturday Review.

Flowers That Endure Frost.

In his report on the flora of Wyoming Professor Aven Nelson remarks that the power to withstand frost which has been so remarkably developed in mountain floras is an unceasing cause of wonder, and the great beds of phlox, mertensia, gilia, actinella and other plants which he saw blooming freely when the night temperature fell from 5 to 20 degrees below the freezing point suggested questions which are difficult to answer. Professor Nelson thinks that reduced atmospheric pressure plays an important part in preventing injury to plants, for the same species at lower altitudes would certainly perish in such cold. As an illustration of this he states that late in August, 1890, he noted a plot of potatoes in full blossom at an elevation of some 9,000 feet. For three successive days he watched these plants, which then showed no trace of injury, although every night there were heavy frosts and ice formed in exposed water pails. Such a degree of cold would, of course, have killed potato plants growing at the sea level.—Garden and Forest.

Hero of Rorke's Drift.

The "Hero of Rorke's Drift" was the description popularly accorded in England 17 years ago to a young subaltern of royal engineers by whose coolness and resource the Zulu warriors were kept at bay by a mere handful of men after the disaster of Isandhlwana. Time runs so fast that most people have forgotten the name of the officer whose gallantry was then the subject of general approbation. One reads now of a Lieutenant Colonel J. R. M. Chard, V. C., transferred from Cardiff to Perth as commanding royal engineer. This is the "Hero of Rorke's Drift," who, since he established his reputation as a soldier in South Africa in 1879, has had no opportunity to attain further distinction.

Society Directory.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

STATE OFFICERS.

State President, John T. Keating, 5610 Jackson av.

State Vice-President, E. J. Kelly, Armory Block, Ottawa, Ill.

State Recording Secretary, Daniel McGlynn, 1238 Gaty av., E. St. Louis, Ill.

State Treasurer, Jas. Costello, Bloomington, Ill.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

County President, L. Henely, Twenty-seventh-st. and Lake Shore.

County V.-President, W. J. Doherty, 1253 Forty-seventh-st.

County Recording Secretary, F. J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth-st.

County Financial Secretary, Joseph J. Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.

County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch 520 W. Erie-st.

Sergeant-at-Arms, James Gannon.

Doorkeeper, William Barrett.

The County Board meets the Second Sunday of each month at 83 Madison street, Hall 2, at 3 p. m.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

DIVISION 1.

President, M. J. Maloney, Room 306, 120 Randolph-st.
Vice President, Michael Tuohy.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Ryan, 209 S. Peoria-st.
Financial Secretary, Wm. Territt.
Treasurer, Jerry O'Brien.
Meets First Friday of each month in Father Mathew hall, Taylor and Miller streets, at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 2.

President, John J. Hanrahan, 246 E. Forty-third-st.
Vice President, Thomas McHugh.
Recording Secretary, Thomas J. Sherlock, 185 E. Superior-st.
Financial Secretary, James Regan.
Treasurer, William C. Moore.
Meets Second Thursday each month at Unity hall, 77 Thirty-first-st., 8 p. m.

DIVISION 3.

President, John J. Cullinane, 3045 Deering-st.
Vice President, James J. Perkins.
Recording Secretary, Henry J. Lyons, 193 W. North-av
Financial Secretary, Pat'k J. Mahony.
Treasurer, Luke H. Lyons.
Meets First Sunday each month at 3 p. m. in Flynn's hall, North-av. and Robey-st.

DIVISION 4.

President, Michael Blake, 708 Thirty-first-st.
Vice President, William Loftus.
Recording Secretary, James H. Brennan, Palmer House.
Financial Secretary, Daniel Collins.
Treasurer, William McAvoy.
Meets First Sunday each month at 2:30 p. m. in Mathei's hall, Canalport and Union-avs.

DIVISION 5.

President, James J. Brennan, 467 W Fifteenth st.
Vice President, William Martin.
Recording Secretary, Alex Cusack, 65 Nixon-st.
Financial Secretary, Tim Cullinane.
Treasurer, Thomas Donovan.
Meets First Thursday of each month in Horan's hall, Halsted and Harrison-sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 6.

President, P. G. Maguire, 4465 Princeton-av.
Vice President, John Doody.
Recording Secretary, M. J. Goldin, 4417 Union-av.
Financial Secretary, James F. Ryan.
Treasurer, Martin Fanning.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Foley's hall, 712 W. Forty-third-st., at 2:30 p. m.

DIVISION 7.

President, Wm. Sullivan, 235 Washburn-av.
Vice President, Patrick Behan.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Foley, 2703 Hickory-st.
Financial Secretary, Jas. E. O'Brien.
Treasurer, Mark Hardin.
Meets Second Sunday each month in Dougherty's hall, 446 W. Twelfth-st., at 7:30 p. m.

DIVISION 8.

President, P. J. O'Sullivan, 117 E. Erie-st.
Vice President, Hugh J. Gleeson.
Recording Secretary, Eugene P. Nolan, 289 E. Erie-st.
Financial Secretary, O. J. Cullen.
Treasurer, R. G. McHugh.
Meets First and Third Saturdays each month at 62 N. Clark-st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 9.

President, D. M. Duggan, 329 Ninety-second-st.
Vice President, Thomas A. Foley.
Recording Secretary, Thomas White, 532 Ninety-fifth-st.
Financial Secretary, Michael Clark.
Treasurer, Owen Ahern.
Meets First and Third Fridays each month in Union Bank building, South Chicago, at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 10.

President, P. J. Cummings, 4125 State-st.
Vice President, James Small.
Recording Secretary, Michael Maloy, 735 Dexter-st.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Ryan.
Treasurer, William Webb.
Meets First Friday of each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth-av., 8 p. m.

DIVISION 11.

President, Hugh J. Bradshaw, 263 Washtenaw-av.
Vice President, James F. Murray.
Recording Secretary, Thos. E. Bradshaw, 263 Washtenaw-av.
Financial Secretary, Daniel Kirby.
Treasurer, Michael J. Connery.
Meets Second and Fourth Thursdays each month in Anchor hall, Grand ave. and Paulina st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 12.

President, F. J. Conroy, 495 Thirty-fifth-st.
Vice President, J. F. Lyons.
Recording Secretary, M. J. Corcoran, 3837 Wentworth av.
Financial Secretary, P. B. Flanagan.
Treasurer, Rev. D. J. Crimmins.
Meets First and Third Mondays each month in Douglas hall, S. E. corner of Thirty-fifth st. and Indiana av. at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 13.

President, John E. Long, 2991 Archer av.
Vice President, P. F. Conway.
Recording Secretary, Daniel Jordan, 2933 Archer av.
Financial Secretary, D. J. Sullivan.
Treasurer, S. J. Moloney.
Meets First and Third Thursdays each month in K. of P. hall, 3001 Archer av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 14.

President, P. J. Buck, 2218 Dearborn street.
Vice President, Ed J. Hanley.
Recording Secretary, F. J. Clingen, 8 South Lincoln st.
Financial Secretary, T. J. McGuire.
Treasurer, Patrick McDonnell.
Meets First and Third Wednesday in Prosperity hall, Eighteenth and State sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 15.

President, James W. Breen, 5341 Morgan st.
Vice President, John Henry.
Recording Secretary, Michael Daly, 5511 Halsted st.
Financial Secretary, P. J. Shine.
Treasurer, Michael Duffy.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Mielhaussen's hall, 51st and Peoria sts.

DIVISION 16.

President, Thomas McMahon, 5818 Justine st.
Vice President, Patrick McMahon.
Recording Secretary, Jas. Flannigan, 811 E. Fortieth st.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Meaney.
Treasurer, John J. McGinty.
Meets Fourth Friday each month in Bishop's hall, 4652 Ashland avenue, at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 17.

President, Martin Mulcahy, 2886 Fifth avenue.
Vice President, Lawrence Henely.
Recording Secretary, Roger Mulcahy, 3011 Wallace st.
Financial Secretary, Joseph Burke.
Treasurer, P. J. O'Brien.
Meets First Wednesday and Third Sunday each month in Leddy's hall, 3 s st. and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

DIVISION 18.

President, Martin Loftus, 2240 West Kinzie street.
Vice President, James Collins.
Recording Secretary, James Dineen, 2222 West Kinzie st.
Financial Secretary, James Donovan.
Treasurer, Peter O'Neill.
Meets Last Friday of each month in Schoenhoffen's hall, Forty-third av. and West Lake street, at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 19.

President, James Thomas, 4537 Dryer street
Vice President, Thomas O'Shea.
Recording Secretary, Timothy Kelly, 3435 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, T. J. Waldron.
Treasurer, Michael Kennedy.
Meets First Thursday each month in Qualey's hall, 3749 S. Halsted street.

DIVISION 20.

President, Joseph J Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.
Vice President, Michael Sullivan.
Recording Secretary, John J. Quinlan, 502 Twenty-sixth st.
Financial Secretary, P. McDonnell.
Treasurer, Michael O'Grady.
Meets Second and Fourth Friday at 2901 Union av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 21.

President, Patrick Stenson, 1104 Clybourn av.
Vice President, Ed O'Connor.
Recording Secretary, David Madden, 83 Tyson av.
Financial Secretary, James Geyer.
Treasurer, Patrick McGowan.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays of each month in Kuehl's hall, Clybourn and Ashland avs.

DIVISION 22.

President, James Noonan, Lemont, Ill.
Vice President, J. S. Carrier.
Recording Secretary, T. H. Finegan, Lemont, Ill.
Financial Secretary, A. J. Runyon.
Treasurer, J. W. McCarthy.
Meets First and Third Sundays each month at 7 p. m. in School hall, in Lemont, Ill.

DIVISION 23.

President, William J. Doherty, 1259 W. Forty-seventh st.
Vice President, John McGaughan.
Recording Secretary, P. J. O'Brien, 4951 Wood st.
Financial Secretary, James McCann.
Treasurer, Patrick Grace.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Schumacher's hall, 4650 Ashland av., at 3 p. m.

DIVISION 24.

President, John W. Farley, LaGrange, Ill.
Vice President, Michael Galvin.
Recording Secretary, P. W. Rowe, Box 312, LaGrange, Ill.
Financial Secretary, Edward Dooley.
Treasury, Patrick Close.
Meets the Second and Fourth Monday of each month in Grand Army hall, LaGrange, Ill.

DIVISION 25.

President, William Mulligan, 723 W. Twenty-second st.
Vice President, John D. Maloney.
Recording Secretary, Thos. Healion, 1105 Blue Island av.
Financial Secretary, James Egan.
Treasurer, John T. Conway.
Meets First Tuesday at 8 p. m. and Third Sunday at 2:30 p. m. in Flanagan's hall, W. Twenty-second and Robey sts.

DIVISION 26.

President, P. J. Reynolds, 5540 State street.
Vice President, Thomas Killoughy.
Recording Secretary, Hugh McNally, 345 Bristol st.
Financial Secretary, W. F. Garrity.
Treasurer, Lawreuce Reynolds.
Meets Second Saturday each month in Schell's hall, Fifty-first st. and Wentworth av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 27.

President, John Bigane, 1974 Thirty-ninth st.
Vice President, Patrick J. Moran.
Recording Secretary, Frank J. Mooney, 3658 Western av.
Financial Secretary, Michael Larney.
Treasurer, John Larney.

DIVISION 28.

President, John Flanagan, 1110 West Polk st.
Vice President, James Tracy.
Recording Secretary, E. Quinn, 1187 West Congress st.
Financial Secretary, E. A. Craighton.
Treasurer, William Ryan.
Meets First and Third Wednesdays in DeSoto hall, VanBuren and Francisco st.

DIVISION 29.

President, Patrick Keys, 2393 116th st., Kensington.
Vice President, John Maguire.
Recording Secretary, William Byrne, Box 1329, Pullman, Ill.
Financial Secretary, P. J. Tully.
Treasurer, Charles Corkey.
Meets First and Third Tuesdays of each month in Holy Rosary church basement, 113th st. and South Park av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 30.

President, Thomas Heelan, 10810 Calhoun av.
Vice President, P. J. Conway.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Kern, 10908 Torrence av.
Financial Secretary, John Conlin.
Treasurer, C. Duffy.
Meets Third Sunday of each month in Link's hall, 10716 Torrence av, 7:30 p. m.

DIVISION 31.

President, P. C. Desmond, 641 Park av
Vice President, James O'Neill.
Recording Secretary, L. O. Fitzpatrick, 1006 West Lake st.
Financial Secretary, Arthur McGinn.
Treasurer, Peter Kennedy.
Meets First Monday and Third Friday each month in St. Malachi's school hall.

DIVISION 32.

President, Cornelius Flynn, 107 Austin av.
Vice President, E. T. Walsh.
Recording Secretary, M. McLaughlin, 515 Carroll av.
Financial Secretaray, John Coogan.
Treasurer, Thomas O'Brien.
Meets in Nova's hall, Northeast corner Ohio and Green sts.

DIVISION 33.

President, Patrick Ryan, 6512 Cottage Grove av.
Vice President, John Callaghan.
Recording Secretary, Luke O'Keefe, 65 7 Cottage Grove av.
Financial Secretary, John Foley.
Treasurer, Patrick Lynch.
Meets First and Third Tuesdays each month in Forester hall, 6512 Cottage Grove av.

DIVISION 35.

President, Patrick F. Holden.
Vice President, Michael J. O'Brien.
Recording Secretary, James Gannon, 3656 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, P. O'Gorman.
Treasurer, Michael Kavanaugh.
Meets First Wednesday each month in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 36.

President, John T. Keating, 5610 Jackson av.
Vice President, John J. Dwyer.
Recording Secretary, Wm. H. McMahon, 5483 Lake av.
Financial Secretary, Bartley Owens.
Treasurer, Andrew Ledwidge.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays of each month in Bagley hall, 192 Fifty-fifth st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 37.

President, John P. [illegible] Dohney, 6359 Hores st.
Vice President, Thomas Kelly.
Recording Secretary, John P. Dineen, 6428 Morgan st.
Financial Secretary, M. H. Hoey.
Treasurer, Patrick Prendergast.
Meet Second Thursday of each month in Broomstead's hall, Sixty-third and Halsted sts., at 8 p. m.

LADIES' AUXILIARY.

DIVISION 22, A. O. H.

President, Miss Bina Harkins, Lemont, Ill.
Vice-President, Miss Mary Kelly.
Recording Sec'y, Miss Anna O'Donnell, Lemont, Ill.
Financial Sec'y, Mrs. M. Beckman.
Treasurer, Mrs. M. Denne.
Meet the 2d and 4th Sunday of each month at 3 p.m. in St. Patrick's hall.

HIBERNIAN KNIGHTS.

COMPANY A.

Captain, A. J. Connolly, 4714 Loomis street.
First Lieutenant, P. H. Sheridan.
Second Lieutenant, P. J. O'Brien.

COMPANY B.

Captain, Patrick Kennedy.
First Lieutenant, ames Thomas.
Second Lieutenant, Jeremiah O'Shea.

Catholic Knights and Ladies of America.

ST. MARY'S BRANCH NO. 35.

President, L. Henely, 3244 Graves place.
Vice President, Emma Lonergan.
Recording Secretary, Helen Henely, 3244 Graves place.
Financial Secretary, Margaret Roche.
Treasurer, Jane Cummings.
Meets First and Third Sunday in Hall B, 206 LaSalle st.

IRISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE.

Parnell Council No. 26 meets on 1st and 3d Sundays of each month in Corcoran's hall, Forty-seventh street and Princeton avenue at 3 p. m. President, P. J. Reynolds, 5540 State st.; Vice-Pres, Joseph J. Healy; Rec. Sec., J. T. Scott, 702 W. Forty-third st.; Fin. Sec., Wm. McNicholas; Treas., Edward Hogan.

UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES.

81 South Clark Street, Rooms 10, 12, 14.

President, J. J. Mahony.
Vice President, J. E. Long.
Recording Secretary, F. J. Conroy.
Corresponding Secretary, A. Donoghue.
Treasurer, John Roche.
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Silly Question.

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